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MAY 1952

NO. 7

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into



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Terror Without Name
HAUNT from the **SEA**



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DEATH is my Hobby

SINCE MY CHILDHOOD I HAD BEEN OBSESSED WITH BLACK MAGIC! I SOUGHT OUT WITCHES, STUDIED THE BLACK MASS, AND ONCE I SACRIFICED A GOAT BY FULL MOON! ALWAYS I SOUGHT KNOWLEDGE AND POWER... AND THEN ONE DAY I FOUND THE BOOK...



I WAS BROWSING THROUGH A CHARING CROSS BOOKSTAND WHEN I FOUND IT...

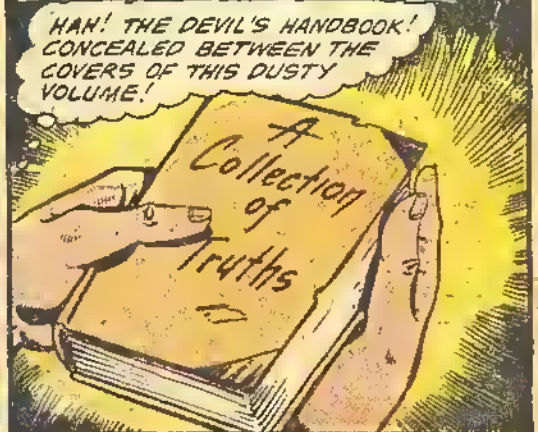
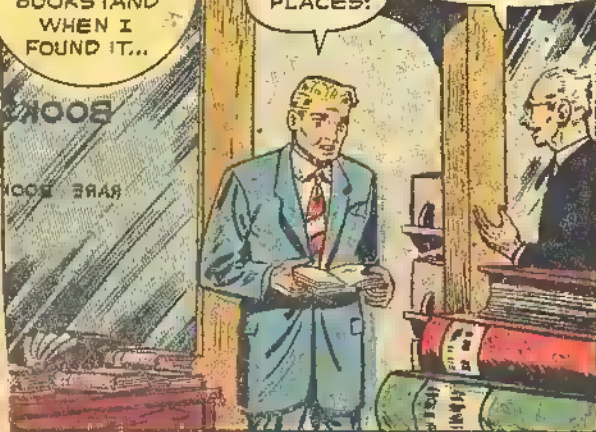
JOVE! AT LONG LAST! OF ALL PLACES!

FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING, YOUNG MAN?

SOMETHING INTERESTING! I HAD TO CHUCKLE INWARDLY AT THAT...

HAN! THE DEVIL'S HANDBOOK! CONCEALED BETWEEN THE COVERS OF THIS DUSTY VOLUME!

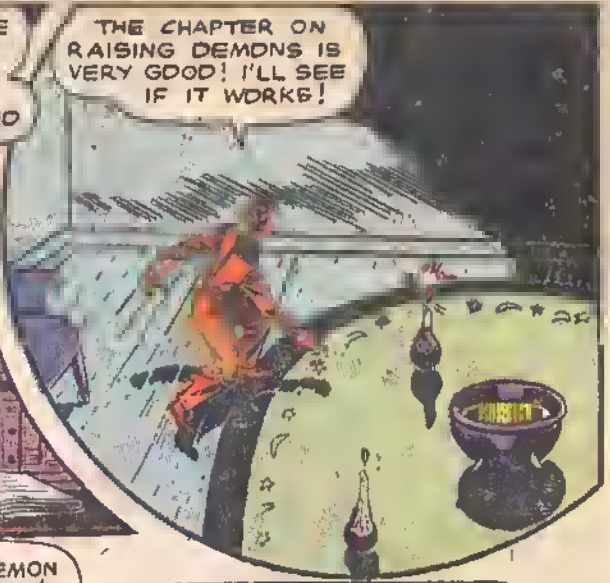
BOOKS
RARE BOOKS



HURRIED TO MY FLAT IN WEST LONDON THAT NIGHT...

I'M RIGHT! IT *IS* THE DEVIL'S HANDBOOK! WRITTEN BY FRIAR KENT IN HIS CELL—BEFORE THEY BURNED HIM AS A WITCH!

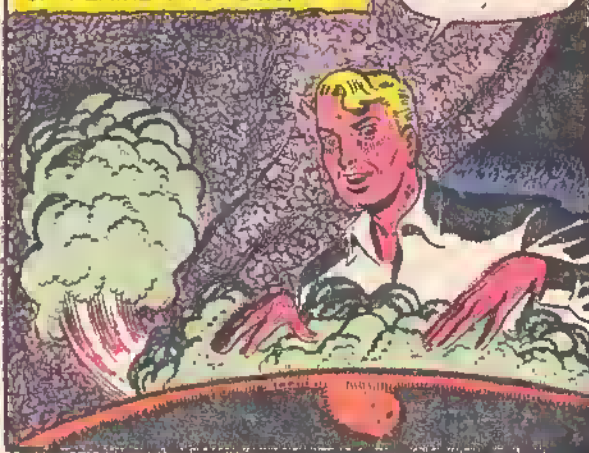
THE CHAPTER ON RAISING DEMONS IS VERY GOOD! I'LL SEE IF IT WORKS!



I MIXED THE PRESCRIBED CHEMICALS IN THE BRASS POT. THERE WAS A GUST OF FLAME AND SMOKE...

APPEAR, DEMON FROM BELOW! APPEAR AND SERVE ME!

IT DIDN'T WORK! NOTHING—BUT THIS CONFOUNDED—GASP—SMOKE!



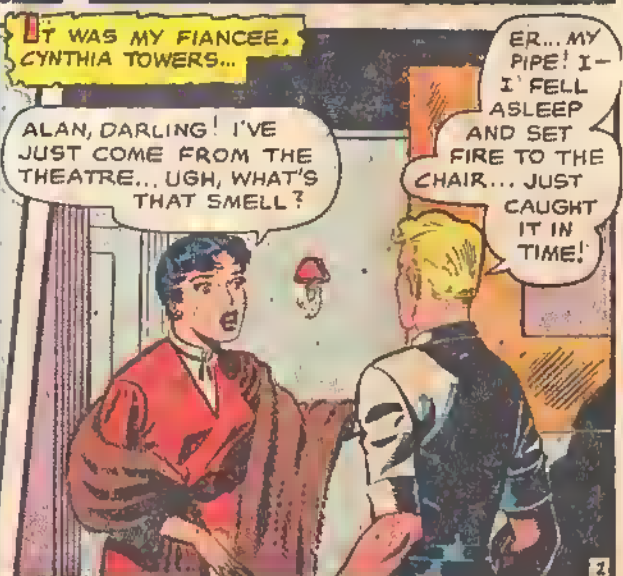
SUDDENLY THE DOOR BUZZER SOUNDED! I BARELY HAD TIME TO PUT AWAY MY EQUIPMENT...

BLAST! WHO CAN THAT BE AT THIS HOUR? JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING READY TO TRY AGAIN!

IT WAS MY FIANCEE, CYNTHIA TOWERS...

ALAN, DARLING! I'VE JUST COME FROM THE THEATRE... UGH, WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

ER... MY PIPE! I—I' FELL ASLEEP AND SET FIRE TO THE CHAIR... JUST CAUGHT IT IN TIME!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

I HAD
LEARNED MY
LESSON!
NEXT DAY I
SET OUT FOR
AN OLD
HOUSE I
OWNED IN
THE SOUTH,
NEAR
DARTMOOR...

BEEN YEARS SINCE
I WAS HERE! HOPE
THE OLD WRECK IS
STILL STANDING!

THERE IT IS!
WHAT A RUIN!
BUT AT LEAST I
WON'T BE
DISTURBED
HERE!

AS NIGHT FELL
A TERRIBLE STORM
CAME ON! IT SEEMED
TO AUGUR WELL FOR
WHAT I
HAD IN
MIND...

GOOOD! FINE! THE
BOOK SAYS THAT
DEMONS RESPOND
DURING A STORM!

Again I
MADE MY
APPEAL TO
THE DEMONS
BELOW...

APPEAR, DEMON!
APPEAR AND SERVE
ME. I COMMAND
YOU!

I AM HERE,
ALAN LANDSDALE!
I SERVE YOU
FOREVER! COMMAND
ME, O, MASTER!

I D-DID
IT! Y-YOU'RE
REALLY A
DEMON!

T-THERE'S
SOMETHING IN
THE CIRCLE! IT-
IT'S GROWING!



I HAD NOT EXPECTED ANYTHING QUITE SO TERRIBLE! I FORCED MYSELF TO BE CALM...

AND YOU ARE MY DEMON? YOU WILL DO ANYTHING I TELL YOU TO DO?

HAH-HAH—OF COURSE, MASTER! ANYTHING! FOULEST OF CRIMES! ANYTHING AT ALL! COMMAND ME AND SEE, MASTER!

MURDER—THE

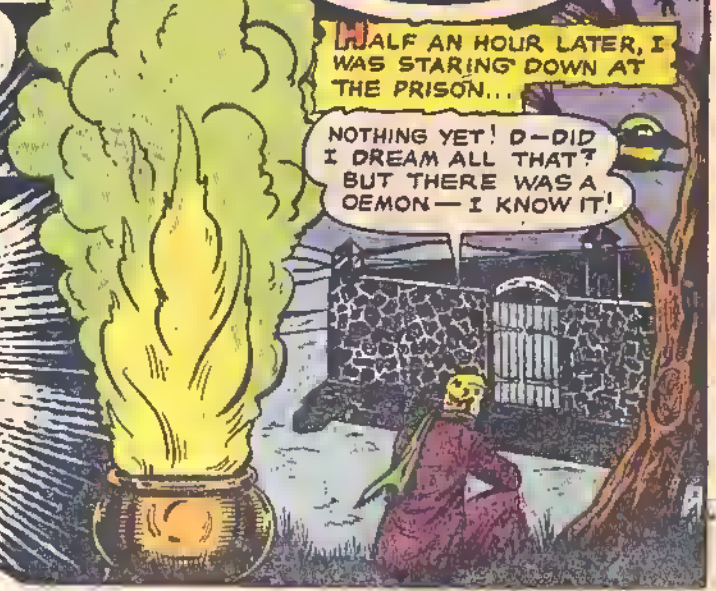
THERE IS A GREAT PRISON NEAR HERE! DARTMOOR! COULD YOU DESTROY IT AND SET ALL THE CONVICTS FREE?



CHILD'S PLAY, MASTER! I KNOW THE PLACE WELL! GO YOU TO A HILL NEARBY AND WATCH! IN HALF AN HOUR'S TIME...

HALF AN HOUR LATER, I WAS STARING DOWN AT THE PRISON...

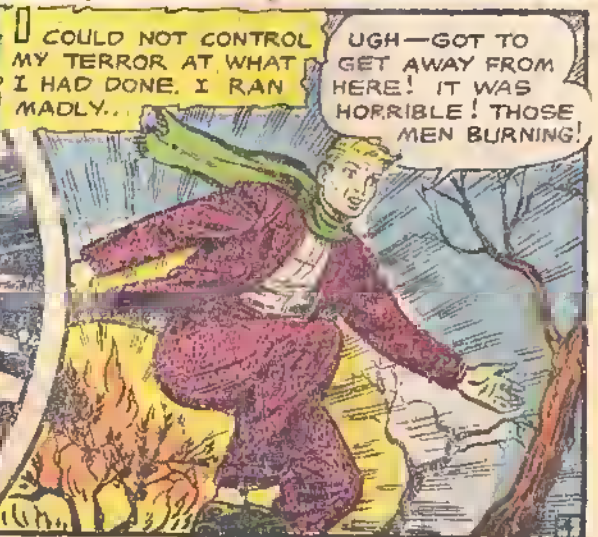
NOTHING YET! DID I DREAM ALL THAT? BUT THERE WAS A DEMON—I KNOW IT!

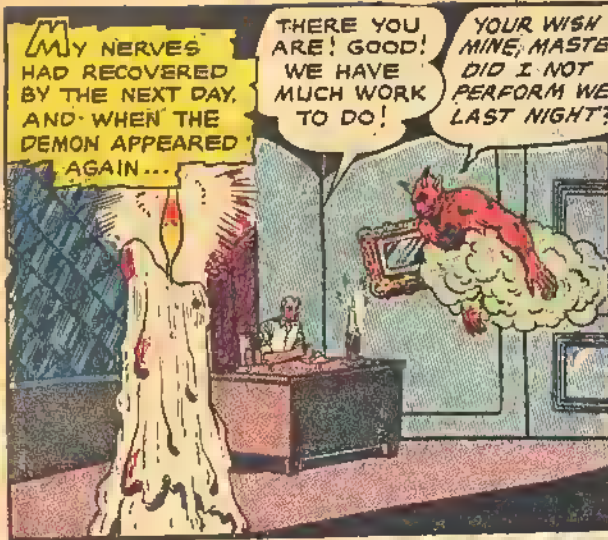


AND THEN...

I COULD NOT CONTROL MY TERROR AT WHAT I HAD DONE. I RAN MADLY...

UGH—GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! IT WAS HORRIBLE! THOSE MEN BURNING!





MY NERVES HAD RECOVERED BY THE NEXT DAY, AND WHEN THE DEMON APPEARED AGAIN...

THERE YOU ARE! GOOD! WE HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO!

YOUR WISH IS MINE, MASTER! DID I NOT PERFORM WELL LAST NIGHT?



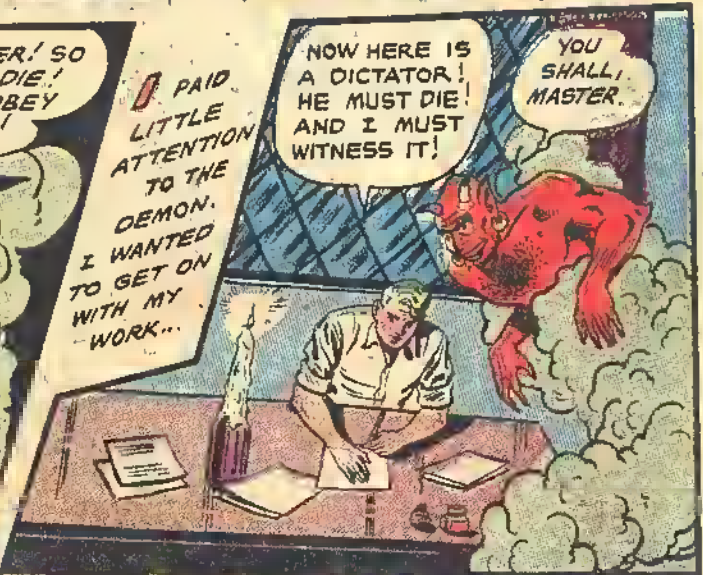
YES, YOU DID WELL! BUT THAT WAS MERE TESTING! NOW WE HAVE REAL WORK! I AM GOING TO CHANGE THE WORLD BY KILLING ALL THE EVIL PEOPLE IN IT!

THEN I MUST WARN YOU, MASTER!



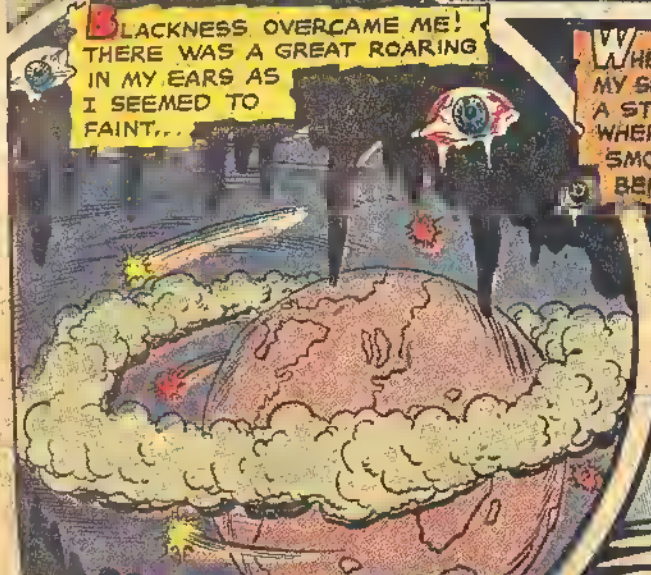
YOU ARE ONLY A MORTAL, MASTER! SO YOU CANNOT JUDGE WHO MUST DIE! WHO IS GOOD OR EVIL! I WILL OBEY IF I MUST—BUT BE CAREFUL!

I PAID LITTLE ATTENTION TO THE DEMON. I WANTED TO GET ON WITH MY WORK...



NOW HERE IS A DICTATOR! HE MUST DIE! AND I MUST WITNESS IT!

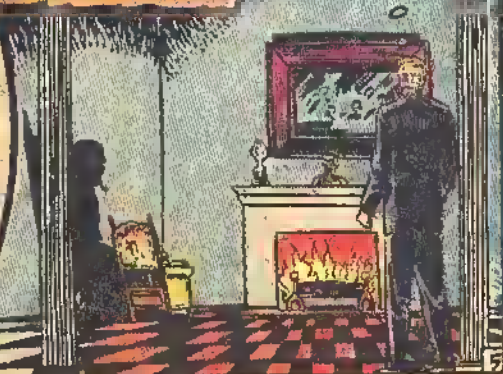
YOU SHALL, MASTER.

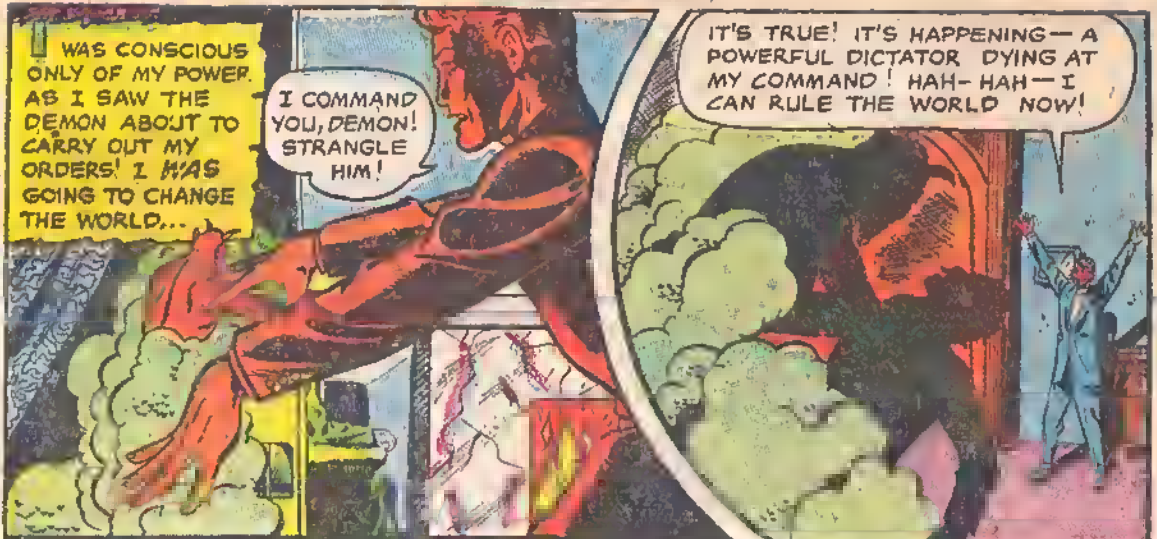


BLACKNESS OVERCAME ME! THERE WAS A GREAT ROARING IN MY EARS AS I SEEMED TO FAINT...

WHEN I REGAINED MY SENSES, I WAS IN A STRANGE ROOM, WHERE A MAN WAS SMOKING A PIPE BEFORE THE FIRE.

I—I'M REALLY HERE! THAT'S THE DICTATOR I SPOKE OF!

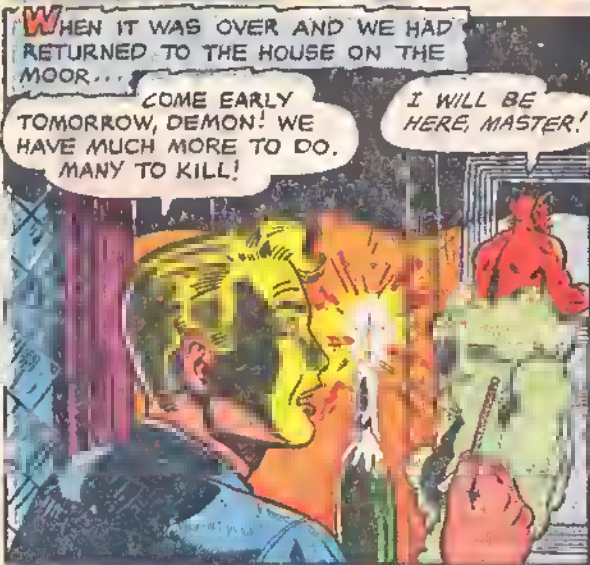




WAS CONSCIOUS ONLY OF MY POWER. AS I SAW THE DEMON ABOUT TO CARRY OUT MY ORDERS! I WAS GOING TO CHANGE THE WORLD...

I COMMAND YOU, DEMON! STRANGLE HIM!

IT'S TRUE! IT'S HAPPENING—A POWERFUL DICTATOR DYING AT MY COMMAND! HAH—HAH—I CAN RULE THE WORLD NOW!



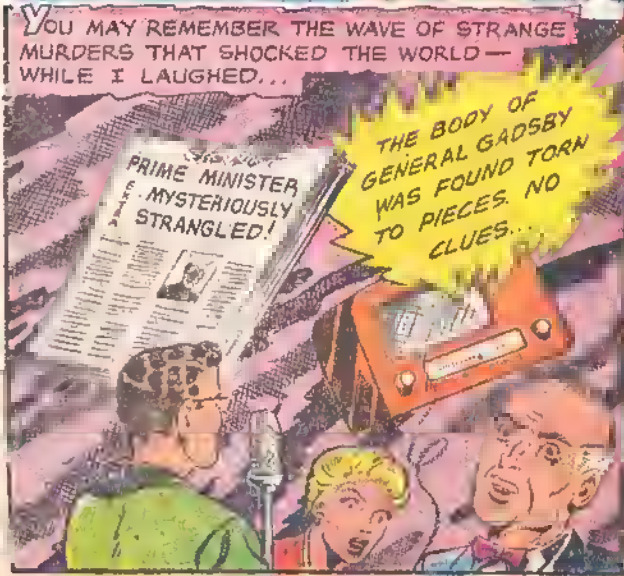
WHEN IT WAS OVER AND WE HAD RETURNED TO THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR...

COME EARLY TOMORROW, DEMON! WE HAVE MUCH MORE TO DO. MANY TO KILL!

I WILL BE HERE, MASTER!



I MUST HAVE THE LIST READY SOON! ALL THE CROOKED POLITICIANS, THE SCOUNDRELS OF THE WORLD. THE WAR MONGERS! THEY MUST ALL DIE!



YOU MAY REMEMBER THE WAVE OF STRANGE MURDERS THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD—WHILE I LAUGHED...

THE BODY OF GENERAL GADSBY WAS FOUND TORN TO PIECES. NO CLUES...

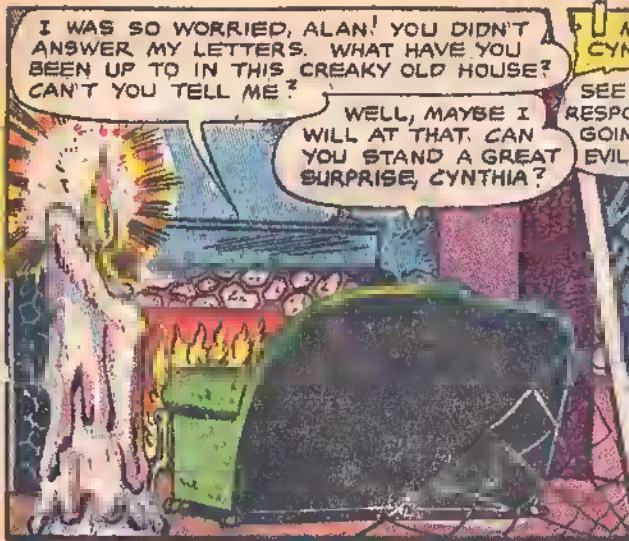
PRIME MINISTER MYSTERIOUSLY STRANGLER!



MY PLANS WERE GOING WELL—AND THEN ONE NIGHT...

ALAN! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE HERE! ARE YOU ILL, DARLING? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

H—HELLO, CYNTHIA! WHAT BRINGS YOU WAY DOWN HERE?



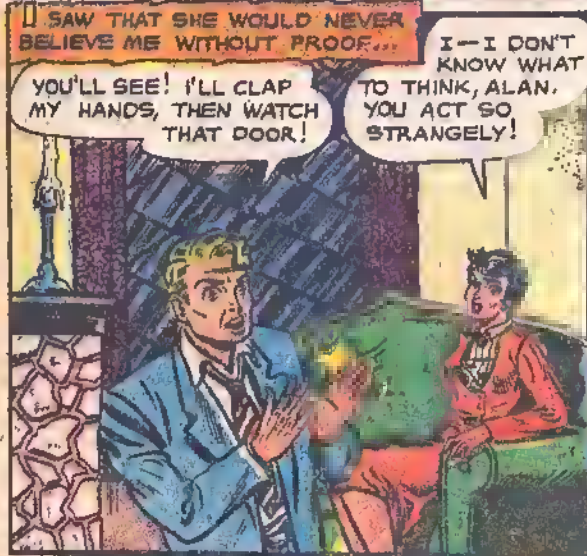
I WAS SO WORRIED, ALAN! YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY LETTERS. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO IN THIS CREAKY OLD HOUSE? CAN'T YOU TELL ME?

WELL, MAYBE I WILL AT THAT. CAN YOU STAND A GREAT SURPRISE, CYNTHIA?



SEE THIS, MY DEAR. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR IT! I'M GOING TO WIPE OUT THE EVIL IN THE WORLD. ME AND MY DEMON!

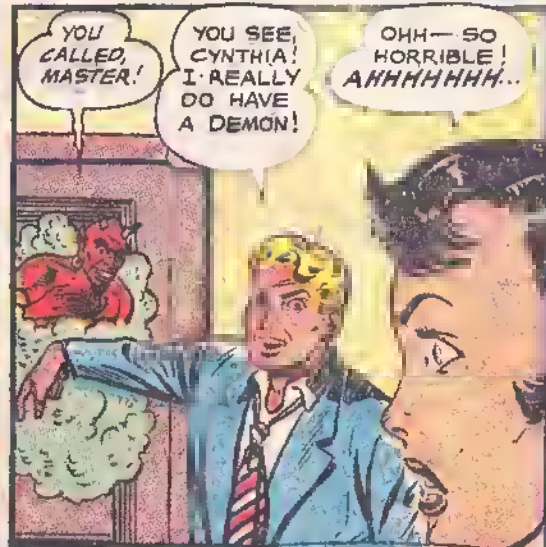
YOU! DEMON? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ALAN? DID YOU FEEL WELL?



I SAW THAT SHE WOULD NEVER BELIEVE ME WITHOUT PROOF...

YOU'LL SEE! I'LL CLAP MY HANDS, THEN WATCH THAT DOOR!

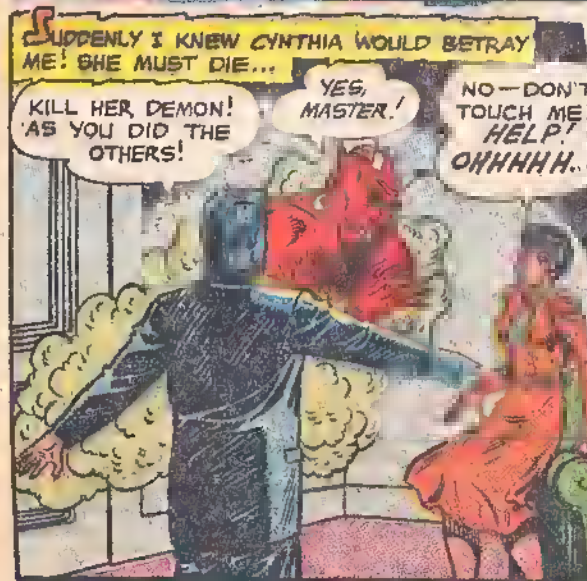
I—I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, ALAN. YOU ACT SO STRANGELY!



YOU CALLED, MASTER!

YOU SEE, CYNTHIA! I REALLY DO HAVE A DEMON!

OH— SO HORRIBLE! AHHHHHHH...

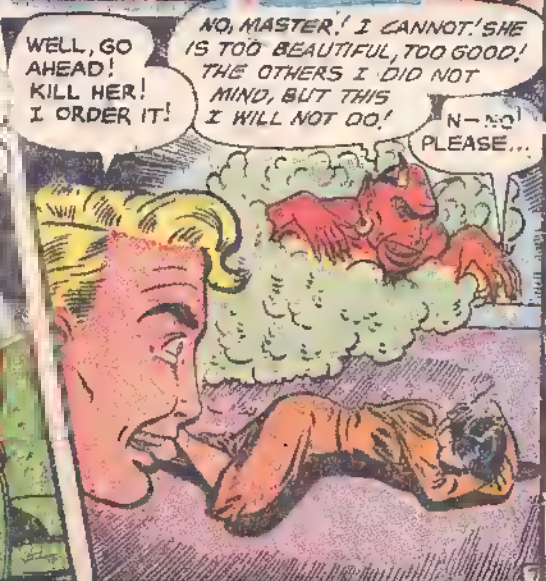


SUDDENLY I KNEW CYNTHIA WOULD BETRAY ME! SHE MUST DIE...

KILL HER, DEMON! AS YOU DID THE OTHERS!

YES, MASTER!

NO—DON'T TOUCH ME! HELP! OHHHHH...



WELL, GO AHEAD! KILL HER! I ORDER IT!

NO, MASTER! I CANNOT! SHE IS TOO BEAUTIFUL, TOO GOOD! THE OTHERS I DID NOT MIND, BUT THIS I WILL NOT DO!

N—NO PLEASE...

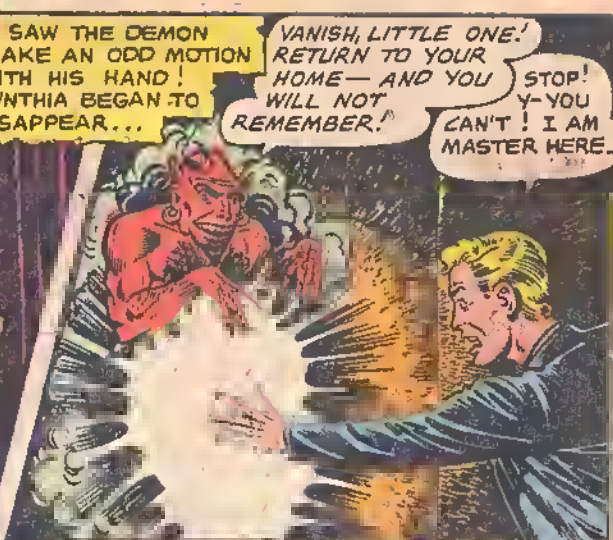


KILL HER! YOU MUST OBEY!
YOU ARE MY SLAVE, BOUND TO
ME! I RAISED YOU FROM THE
UNDERWORLD! KILL, I SAY!
KILL!

I SAW THE DEMON
MAKE AN ODD MOTION
WITH HIS HAND!
CYNTHIA BEGAN TO
DISAPPEAR...

VANISH, LITTLE ONE!
RETURN TO YOUR
HOME— AND YOU
WILL NOT
REMEMBER.

STOP!
Y-YOU
CAN'T! I AM
MASTER HERE...



YOU WERE THE MASTER! BUT
NO LONGER, MY FRIEND! I
WOULD NOT SERVE A MADMAN
EVEN IF I COULD!

NO!
KEEP
AWAY!

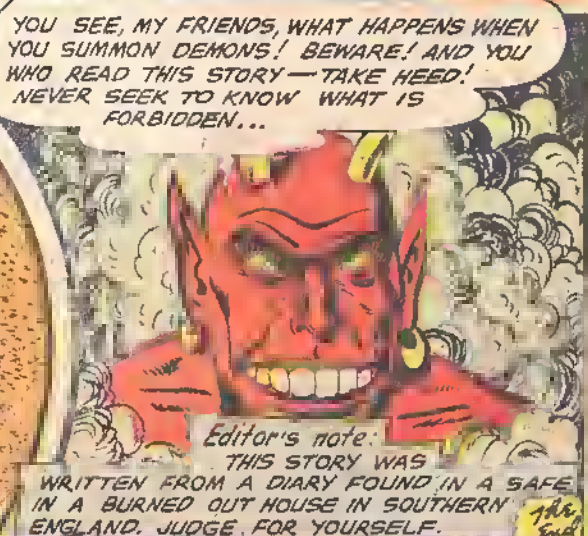


I DISOBEYED YOU, SO NOW I
AM DOOMED ALSO! I CANNOT
RETURN TO MY HOME BELOW!
I WILL DIE— BUT SO
SHALL YOU!

N- NO—
(GASP—)
DON'T
KILL ME!



HAH—HAH—THE LITTLE JOKE
IS OVER FOR YOU! DIE—AND
SOON I WILL FOLLOW YOU!



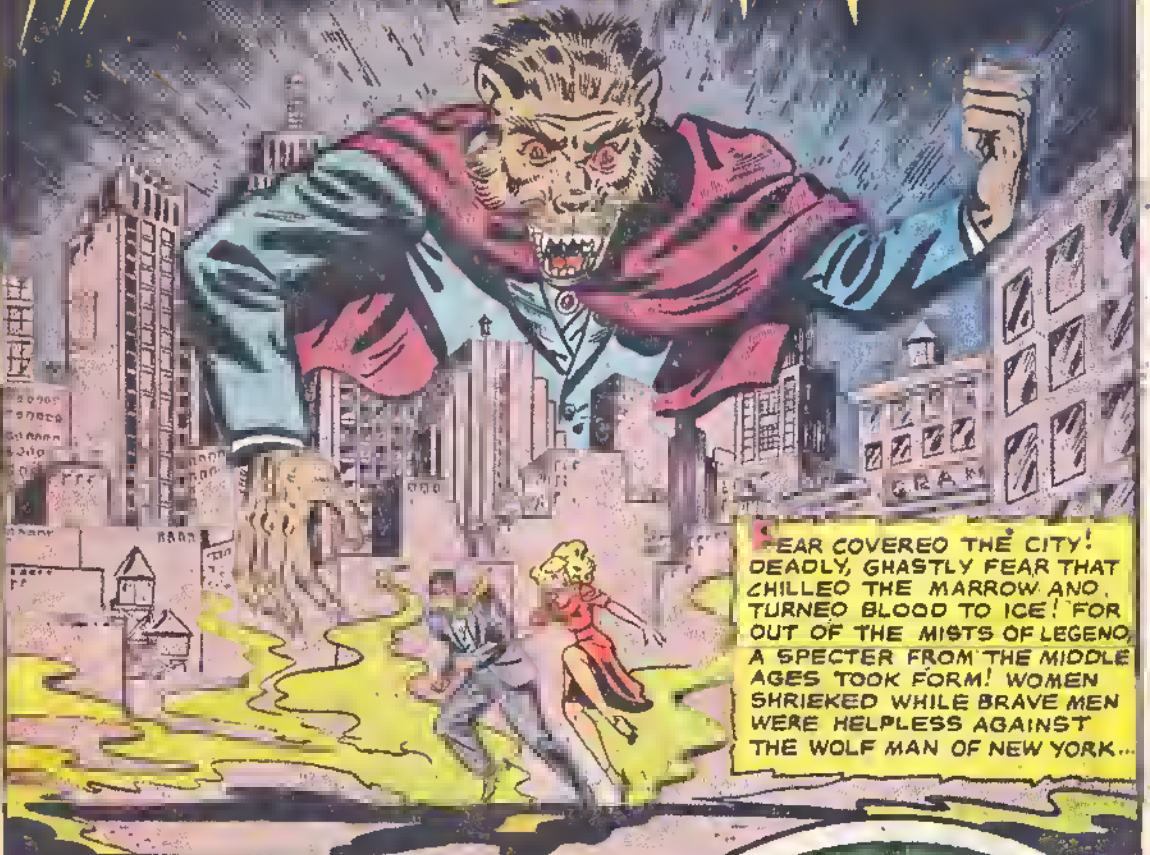
YOU SEE, MY FRIENDS, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
YOU SUMMON DEMONS! BEWARE! AND YOU
WHO READ THIS STORY—TAKE HEED!
NEVER SEEK TO KNOW WHAT IS
FORBIDDEN...

Editor's note:

THIS STORY WAS
WRITTEN FROM A DIARY FOUND IN A SAFE
IN A BURNED OUT HOUSE IN SOUTHERN
ENGLAND. JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

the
End

The WEREWOLF LURKS

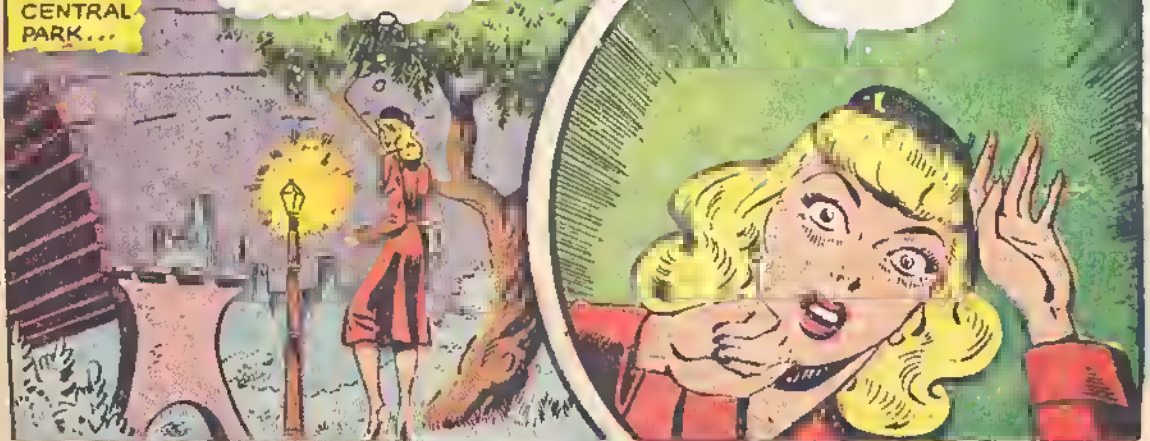


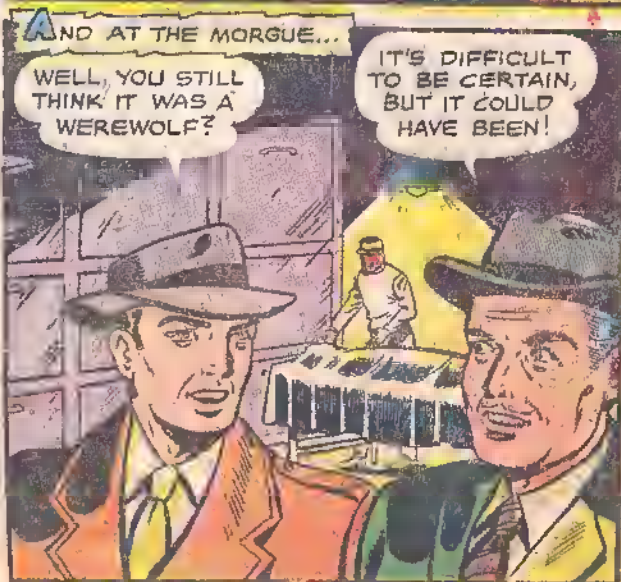
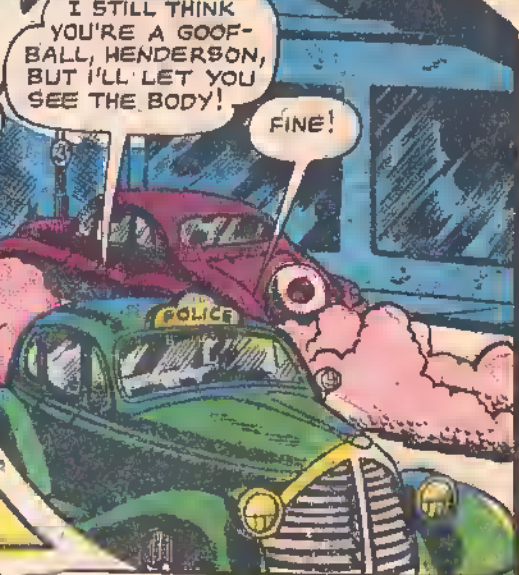
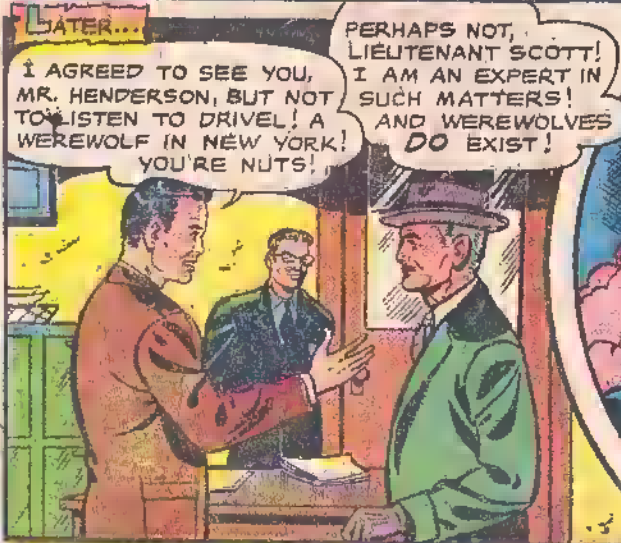
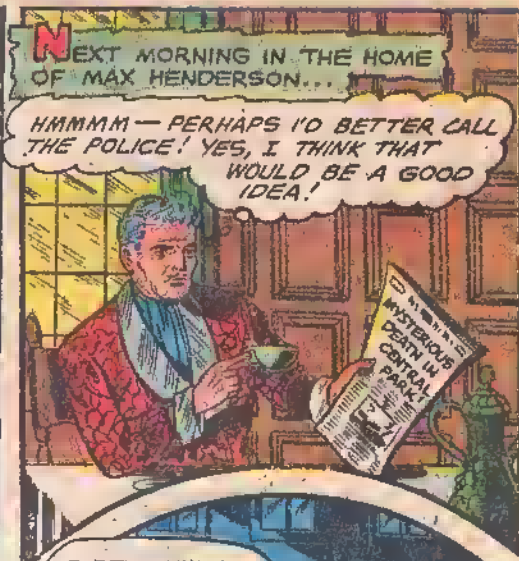
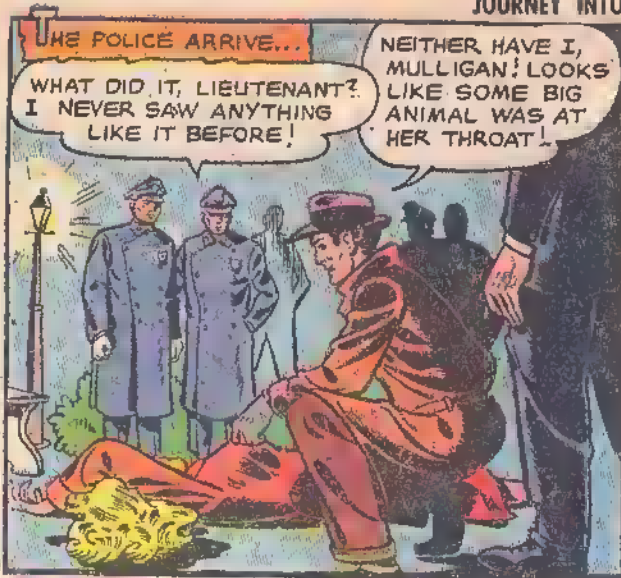
FEAR COVERED THE CITY! DEADLY, GHASTLY FEAR THAT CHILLED THE MARROW AND TURNED BLOOD TO ICE! FOR OUT OF THE MISTS OF LEGEND, A SPECTER FROM THE MIDDLE AGES TOOK FORM! WOMEN SHRIEKED WHILE BRAVE MEN WERE HELPLESS AGAINST THE WOLF MAN OF NEW YORK...

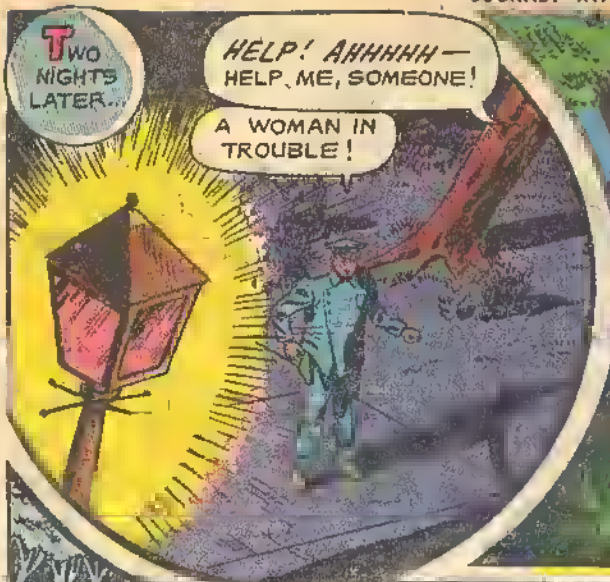
IT STARTED ONE DARK NIGHT IN CENTRAL PARK...

FUNNY, BUT I K-KEEP THINKING SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING ME!

WHA... NO!
GET AWAY!
OHHHH...







TWO
NIGHTS
LATER...

HELP! AHHHHH—
HELP, ME, SOMEONE!

A WOMAN IN
TROUBLE!



GOOD GRIEF! WHAT
IS THAT? LOOKS LIKE
NOTHING
HUMAN!



THE POOR COLLEEN IS DEAD!
AND ME WITH A SHOT AT THAT
MONSTER AND MISSING IT!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

HMMM—I WAS
EXPECTING THIS
CALL!

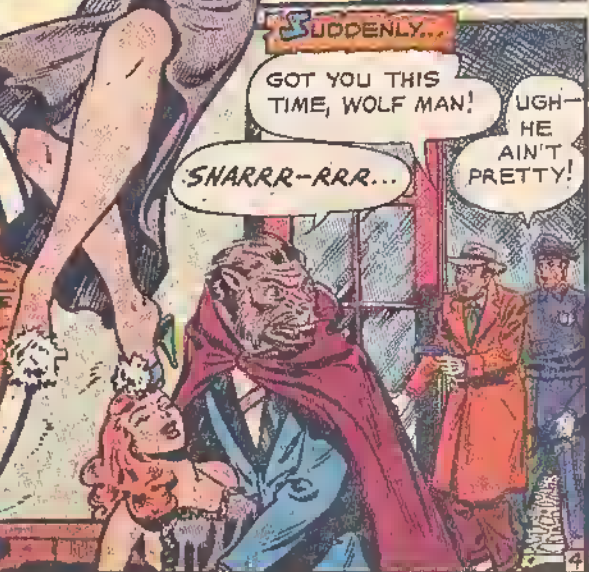
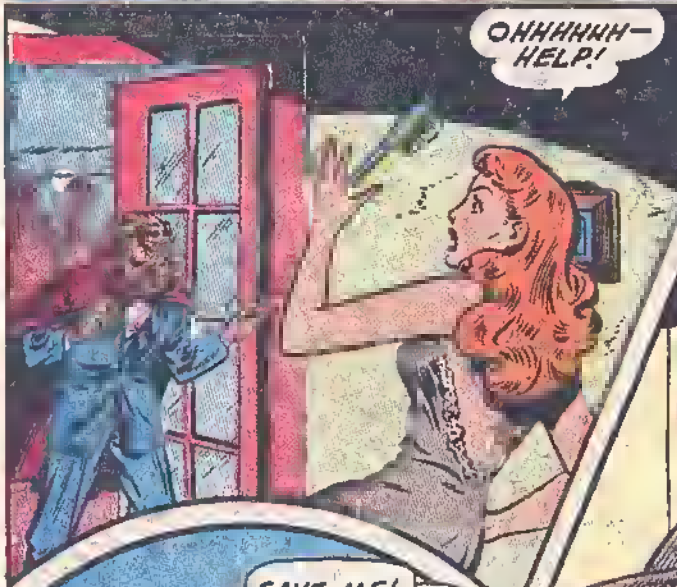
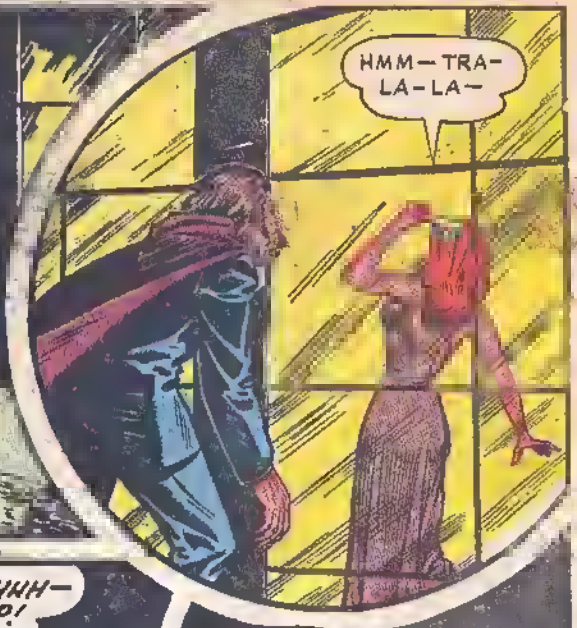


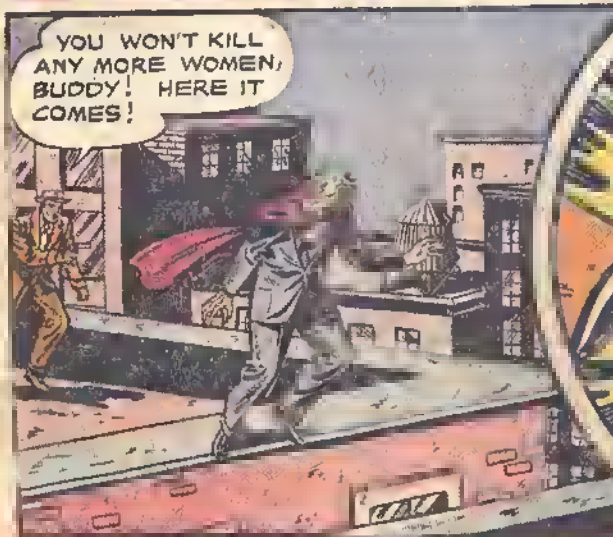
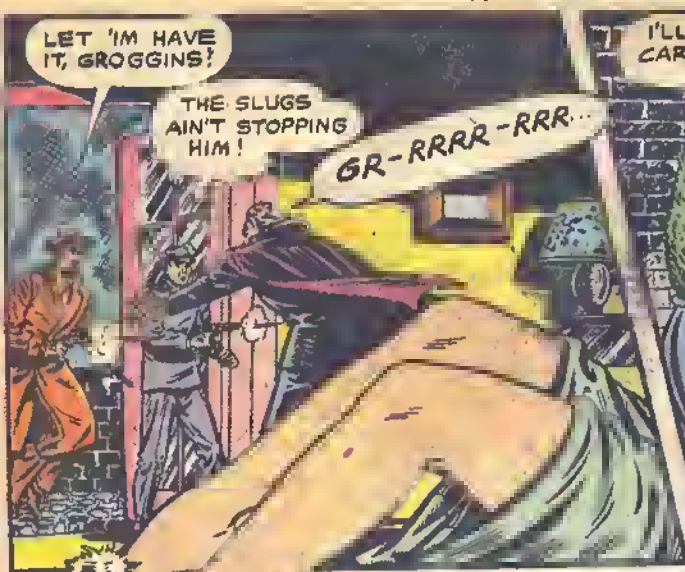
YOU WIN, HENDERSON! IT IS A
WEREWOLF—OR SOMETHING!
ONE OF OUR MEN GOT A LOOK
AT IT TONIGHT. MAYBE YOU
CAN HELP...

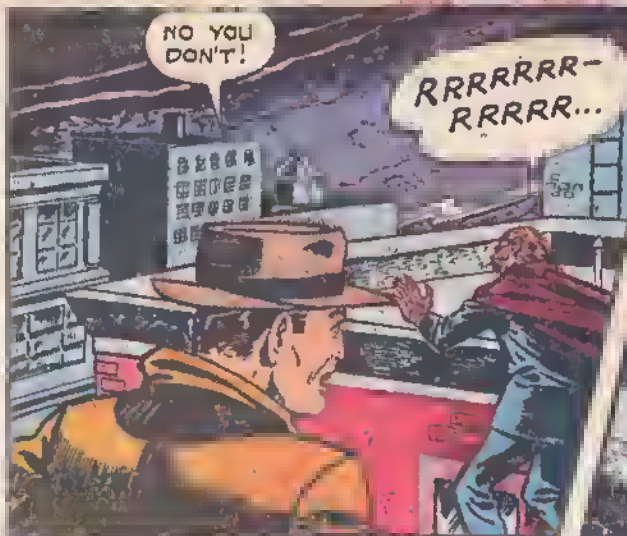
GLAD TO,
LIEUTENANT!
I'LL SEE YOU
FIRST THING
IN THE
MORNING.



COULDN'T BE BETTER! BUT I
WONDER IF WE WILL EVER CATCH
THIS WEREWOLF! HE'S A
CLEVER DEVIL!







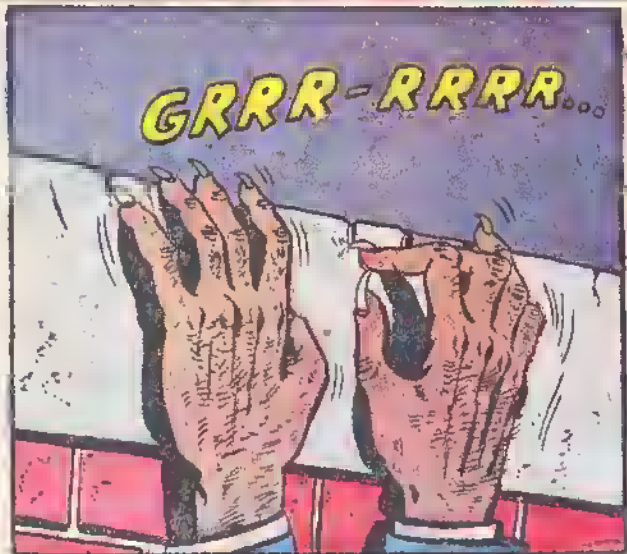
NO YOU DON'T!

RRRRRR-RRRRR...



GRRRR-RRRRR...

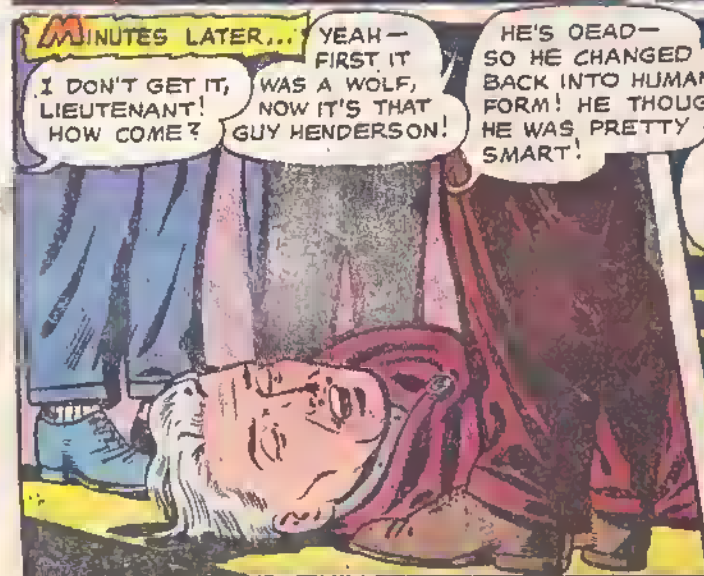
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, WOLF MAN!



GRRR-RRRR...



WELL, THAT'S THE END OF HIM. I BETTER GET DOWN THERE.



MINUTES LATER...

I DON'T GET IT, LIEUTENANT! HOW COME?

YEAH— FIRST IT WAS A WOLF, NOW IT'S THAT GUY HENDERSON!

HE'S DEAD— SO HE CHANGED BACK INTO HUMAN FORM! HE THOUGHT HE WAS PRETTY SMART!

OUR INVESTIGATION SHOWED HENDERSON HAD BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH THE OCCULT FOR SOME TIME! WHEN HE BECAME A WERE-WOLF, HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO WORK WITH THE POLICE, TO COVER UP! BUT I WAS SUSPICIOUS, FOR THAT VERY REASON, AND FOLLOWED HIM! YOU KNOW THE REST...



The End

GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade

CLAWS OF REVENGE



THE FLUFFY white-Persian cat, Boots, came carefully into the room. Henry Rutherford, from behind the evening paper, watched with narrowed eyes as the cat avoided him, circling wide to avoid the kick it always anticipated, and crossed the room to rub against Martha's ankles. Hatred crinkled in the man's mind. How he hated that cat! How he hated all cats! Almost as much as he hated his wife.

Martha Rutherford stooped to rub a hand along the cat's arching back. "Nice Boots," she murmured. "At least you love me, don't you, baby? At least you don't want to get rid of me."

The man slid deeper behind the paper, not wanting to see the petulant expression on his wife's face. Not wanting to hear the note of suffering, of self pity, in her voice. Not wanting to hear her scream, for the thousand and first time, that she would *not* give him a divorce. Oh — how he hated her. How he wished her dead.

Dead! He rolled the thought around in his mind, savoring it, liking the sound of it. It no longer frightened him as it had at first. Martha dead! That would solve everything, he mused. But how? She was perfectly healthy, and not really an old woman. She would live for years yet — unless . . .

Martha lifted her bulk from the chair. She picked up the cat, cuddling it close to her. "Come on, baby. We'll go out and look at the garden, you and I. It'll be time to plant the flowers pretty soon. And maybe there will be a surprise for you, Boots. A nice surprise."

Drool! Henry Rutherford watched with a frown as his wife, still carrying the cat, left the room. A few moments later he heard the kitchen door open, heard her go into the garden behind the house. Such drool, he reflected again, bitterly. If she had ever loved him half as much as she loved that blasted cat! And her equally blasted flowers! No, he was nothing but a meal ticket for her, and a meal ticket that she wasn't going to relinquish as long as they both lived. The thought struck again, sharp as pain. As long as they lived! As long as *she* lived!

He went into the kitchen and watched Martha digging in the garden. It was a cold day in early March, with a pale blue sky dotted with fuzzy clouds, but soon Martha would be planting her garden. Rutherford glanced at the kitchen table, saw the packets of seeds that his wife had brought home only an hour earlier. Seeds! Garden! An idea began to grow in his mind.

A week later he was ready to put his plan into execution. He had thought of everything, he was sure. At first Martha had balked at the idea of going to her sister's home for a long stay, but he had convinced her.

"It will do you good," he said. "We both need a change. When you come back we'll both have a nice sensible talk about matters."

Her eyes hardened at that. "There's nothing to talk about," she snapped. "I'm not giving you a divorce. That's final. Maybe I'd better stay here. I think you're up to something, Henry."

"No," he had said wearily. "I'm not up to anything. And never mind about the divorce. I can see it's no use. But at least we need a rest from each other."

So she had agreed to go. Rutherford had then seen to it that the neighbors, and their few friends, knew about the trip. Carefully he arranged Martha's schedule so that she would leave on a late train — but not so late that the neighbors would not still be up. They would see them leave the house for the station, with Martha's bags piled in the rear of the car. Yes, he had it all down very pat.

It worked like a charm. As they drove away the Denny family, across the street, waved a cheerful goodbye. It was a long time, and very dark, before Henry Rutherford came back. They had missed the train, of course, because he had set his watch purposely slow.

Martha was in the back seat when he drove into the garage. In the back seat beneath a pile of blankets, her head smashed like an egg shell. After missing the train Rutherford had driven on to the next town, in an effort to catch the train there, but at a dark place on the road he had stopped. And so had Martha's life. Now all that remained was to carry out the details of his plan.

It was a full night's work. Her baggage he burnt in the furnace, piece by piece. Then, in pitch darkness — he had made sure there would be no moon — he buried Martha in the garden. It was a large garden, surrounded by a high brick wall, ideal for his purpose.

Only, when he tried to catch the white cat, Boots, did things go wrong. The cat snarled at him, spat, and vanished into the night when Rutherford approached it with an iron poker. He had intended to bury it with his wife.

But the cat lived. And all that night Rutherford toiled, working over the grave

of his wife. Next morning, early, a neighbor saw him in the garden working with a spade.

"Putting in the garden," he told the neighbor. "I thought I would have it all spaded and planted before Martha comes back. You know how she loves a garden." And he patted the fresh turned earth lovingly with the spade. Later he found the seeds that Martha had bought, and planted them carefully. As he worked he chuckled inwardly. Martha would have a garden, all right. Growing right over her.

WHEN, a few days later, he called in the police he was not worried. His wife had vanished, bags and all. The police were sympathetic, and the routine work of finding a missing person began. No luck, of course. Rutherford grieved outwardly, while rejoicing within. And in the garden little green shoots began to push up through the brown earth. The police came again and again, always with sympathy, telling him with worried frowns that his wife seemed to have vanished from the earth. Rutherford guessed that they were checking on him, on his movements, but still he did not worry. How could they ever know!

Martha had been dead a little over a month when the cat came back. Rutherford had almost forgotten it, until he looked out the kitchen window and felt a thrill of terror up and down his spine. The white cat was digging at the grave!

He felt an iron hand grip his heart as he watched Boots pawing among the tiny plants. The cat knew!

His face contorted with fear and rage, the man rushed into the garden. But as he approached the cat he regained his senses, tried guile. After all, it was only his nerves playing tricks! How could the cat know anything?

"Nice Boots," Rutherford called. "Come here, kitty. I won't hurt you."

The cat spat at him once, then vanished over the fence. Carefully Rutherford smoothed out the hole that Boots had been digging. He wondered if the neighbors had noticed anything. That blasted cat . . .

Again the next day he caught the cat in the garden. And the day after that. Always Boots was digging at the soft earth above the grave. And always he eluded the frantic dashes of the man. Rutherford could no longer sleep for the fear that began to gnaw in him like a worm. The cat *did* know, after all! He was sure of it now. Someway, somehow, that cat *knew* that his mistress was buried in the garden.

Rutherford lost weight. He grew pale and weak from lack of sleep. Even when

he dropped off, in his chair beside the kitchen window, he dreamed that the cat was digging at the grave. Once, when he awoke with a start, the cat *was* digging. The man began to fear that he would go mad. Because he could not stand to leave the house he quit his job, began to live on his savings, spending all his time in the kitchen.

He knew now that he had to kill the cat. Traps were no good, as he found out. Somehow he had to kill Boots. But how to do it in a way that would not attract any attention? That he must not do!

Then the worst began. Rutherford, haunting the window, watched it happen with a new horror. Boots was once more in the garden, digging, but this time he was not alone. There were other cats with him. Five of them, of all sizes and colors. Cats! Cats who knew his secret. Cats who were going to expose him. — and the body of Martha.

Rutherford began to laugh. Mad laughter that rang through the house. He held his sides and laughed and laughed as he watched the cats digging away. They rolled and played, but always they dug. The man's mad laughter soared. They all knew. Boots had told every cat in the neighborhood. They wanted revenge. They were getting it!

Suddenly Henry Rutherford's face twisted into a snarl. He rushed upstairs, got his old shotgun, and came down. He ran into the garden, seeing through a red haze now, seeing that more cats had joined the diggers.

"Cats," he roared. "Filthy cats! I'll show you! Die — die, all of you." And he pointed the shotgun and pulled the trigger, firing blindly, seeing the cats run and scatter, spitting their hatred at him. He did not care. He reloaded and fired again. And again . . .

When the police got there they found him squatting over the grave, laughing, and clawing at the earth with his fingers. They made enough sense of his gibberish to fetch spades and start digging. They found Martha at last, with Rutherford still laughing insanely. The handcuffs shone like silver on his wrists.

One of the cops picked a plant out of the earth, sniffed, and looked at the raving man. "Catnip," he said coldly. "Someone planted catnip here. That explains the cats. They love it."

Somewhere in his dulled brain Rutherford was remembering now. A surprise, Martha had said. A surprise for her beloved Boots. Catnip! It must have been in those seeds — the ones he himself had planted to cover the grave.

Surprise indeed! Rutherford went off into another howl of mad laughter.

TERROR WITHOUT NAME

MEN LIKE SIDNEY KING, WHO KNEW THE DEADLY POWERS LURKING WITHIN THE EARTH, NEWLY USED FOR ATOMIC TESTING, FEARED ELECTRIC STORMS WITH GRIM EARNESTNESS...

**RADIO ACTIVE
- AREA -
KEEP OUT!
DANGER!**

THE GROUNDS
SEEM TO PULL
THAT LIGHTNING
RIGHT OUT OF
THE SKIES!

THOUGHT I'D
FIND YOU FOLKS
AT THE CONTROLS!
SAY! IT'S MIGHTY
QUIET IN HERE...

OH, SIDNEY,
COME AND
LOOK AT
THIS!



... HIS POUNDING HEART SEEMED TO CRASH AGAINST THE TENSE SILENCE OF THE ROOM...

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, BILL?

DUNNO. WE'VE NEVER HAD SUCH RECORDINGS!

EARTHQUAKE! IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!

...OR IS IT?

STRUGGLING TO REMAIN UPRIGHT ON THE HEAVING GROUND, THE GROUP, TRAINED FOR SCIENCE, BRAVED AN UNKNOWN FORCE IN ITS ANXIETY TO MAKE FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

GREAT SCOTT! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE! I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT... IT'S LIKE A MOUNTAIN! AND IT'S M-MOVING... WRITHING...

LET'S TAKE A LOOK, SIDNEY!



IT'S ALIVE! BUT NOTHING HUMAN COULD WITHSTAND THAT AMOUNT OF GAMMA-EMANATIONS!

EEEAGHHH!

THEN WHAT IS IT?

OPERATOR! GET ME WASHINGTON! HURRY! THIS IS A PRIORITY CALL... HURRY!



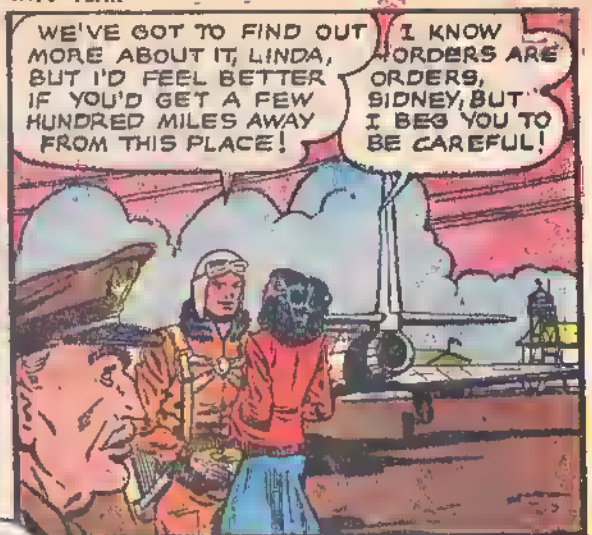
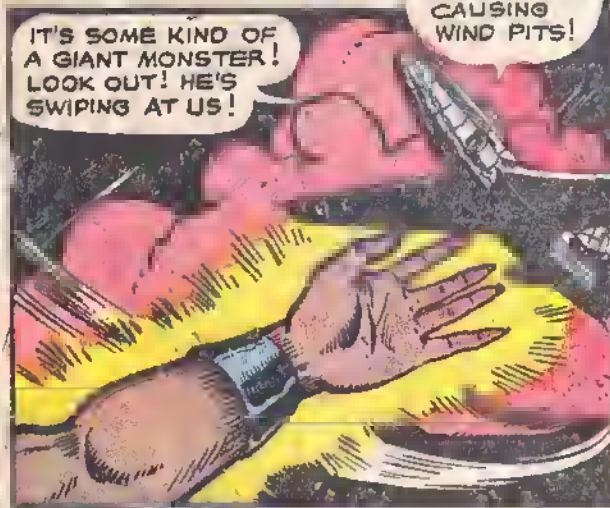


WITHIN HOURS AN AWE-STRIKEN COMMITTEE OF ATOMIC INVESTIGATORS ASSEMBLED TO VIEW A SPECTACLE NO MORTAL HAD YET BEHELD...

IT SQUIRMS ABOUT, BUT HASN'T MOVED YET! IF IT DOES, WE'RE IN FOR REAL TROUBLE!

GOT TO GET OUT OF HIS RANGE— HE'S CAUSING WIND PITS!

IT'S SOME KIND OF A GIANT MONSTER! LOOK OUT! HE'S SWIPING AT US!



WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT IT, LINDA, BUT I'D FEEL BETTER IF YOU'D GET A FEW HUNDRED MILES AWAY FROM THIS PLACE!

I KNOW ORDERS ARE ORDERS, SIDNEY, BUT I BEG YOU TO BE CAREFUL!

BEWILDERED AND SICK WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR FINDINGS, THE PLAINES RETURNED WITH FANTASTIC REPORTS...

IT'S A FORM OF LIFE ALL RIGHT! ITS LEGS ARE TRAPPED IN THE EARTH!



BUT SHOULDN'T A THING OF THAT SIZE HAVE THE POWER TO WREST ITSELF FREE?

THEN WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

CAN'T YOU IMAGINE, MAN? NOT ONLY ITS SIZE, BUT IT'S COLLECTIVELY THE LARGEST MASS OF RADIO-ACTIVATED MATTER EVER DREAMED OF!

JUST HOW BAD IS ALL THIS, SIDNEY?

I'M AFRAID IT'S CERTAIN DEATH, LINDA... FOR EVERYONE!



NIGHT DID NOTHING TO SHUT OFF THE HORROR, FOR INHUMAN GROANS SHOOK THE COUNTRYSIDE, AND ALMOST BY PLAN, A MIGRATION OF FEAR-RIDDEN RESIDENTS BEGAN... A TERROR-DRIVEN EVACUATION...

WHILE IN WASHINGTON, AN ASSEMBLY, THE LIKES OF WHICH EVEN WORLD WAR HAD NOT NECESSITATED, TRIED TO SOLVE THE GRIM PROBLEM...

...WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE, GENTLEMEN!

THE MONSTER IS TO BE BOMBED. IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

BUT WE'RE ONLY ACTING IN FEAR! IT SHOULD BE STUDIED IN THE NAME OF ATOMIC SCIENCE!

YET ALL THIS WHILE, THE HIDEOUS CREATURE LOOMED OVER THE DESERTED LANDSCAPE AND BELLEWED HIS PAIN... HIS PROTEST... AND SOMETHING ELSE, WHICH SEEMED TO BE HUNGER...

IN THE GOVERNMENT'S CONFUSION, THE MEN OF SCIENCE GAINED A STRANGE POINT... PERMISSION TO FEED THE GIANT WITH LONG RANGE ARTILLERY...

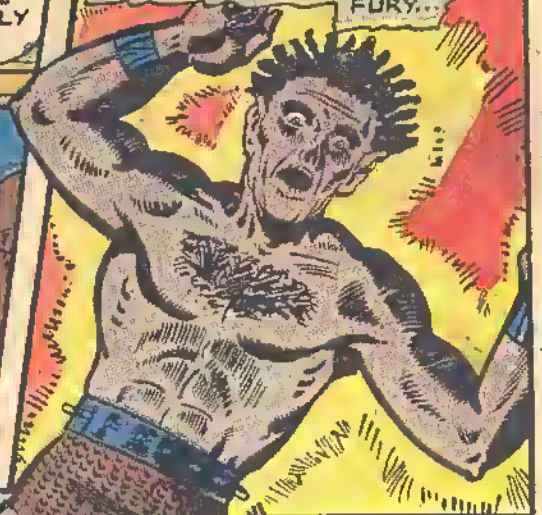
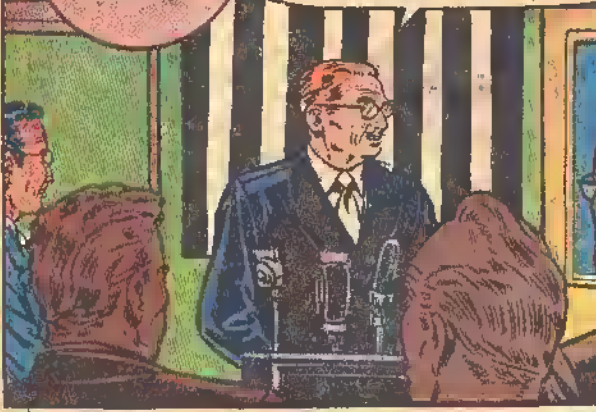
... BUT WHY STRUGGLE TO KEEP THAT NIGHT-MARE ALIVE IF IT WILL EVENTUALLY KILL US?

IT'S GOT TO BE STUDIED, LINDA! AS A SCIENTIST, YOU SHOULD REALIZE THAT!

...AND THEN WASHINGTON VOICED ANOTHER DECISION...

GENTLEMEN, IN SPITE OF OUR RESPECT FOR SCIENCE, THE MONSTER MUST BE DESTROYED! ORDERS ARE TO BE ISSUED IMMEDIATELY TO OUR ARMED FORCES!

ALMOST AS IF IT HEARD ITS SENTENCE, THE CREATURE RANTED IN THUNDERING FURY...



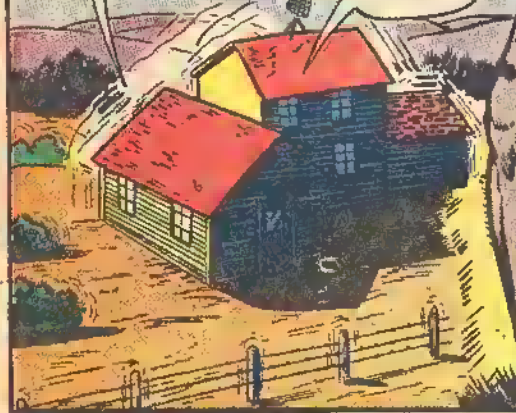
IT'S PRODUCING ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE!

WELL, WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT, SIDNEY? THAT THING IS GOING TO DRIVE US ALL MAD!

S--SOMETHING'S HAPPENING OUT THERE! I FEEL IT! I KNOW IT!

S--SIDNEY, I'M FRIGHTENED...

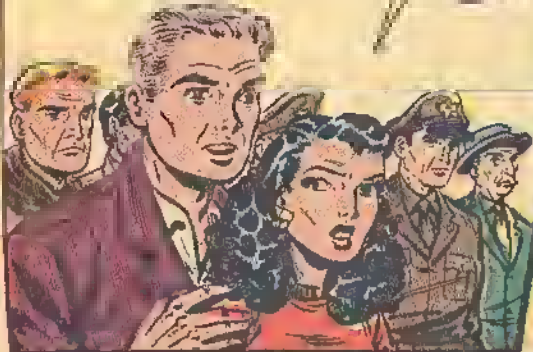
GET TO THE FLOOR!



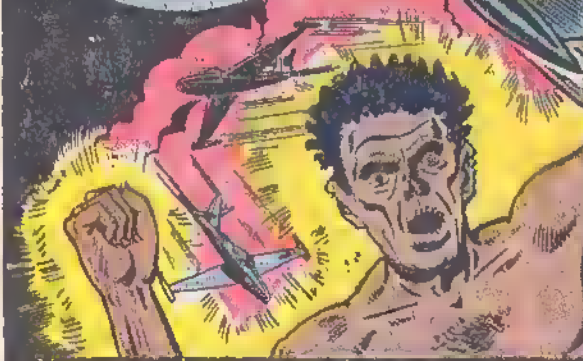
HE WAS STRUGGLING TO GET HIS LEGS FREE... HE'LL SOON BE GETTING FURIOUS... IF I COULD ONLY GET CLOSE TO HIM!

SIDNEY, ARE YOU INSANE?

CLEAR ALL CIVILIANS FROM THIS AREA... WE'RE GOING TO TURN OUR GUNS ON THAT DEVIL!



MULTI REIGNED
ON LAND AND AIR...
THE DIN OF MOTORS,
THE SHRIEKING OF GUNS,
BUT ABOVE IT ALL,
THE ROARING OF
THE ENRAGED
GIANT.

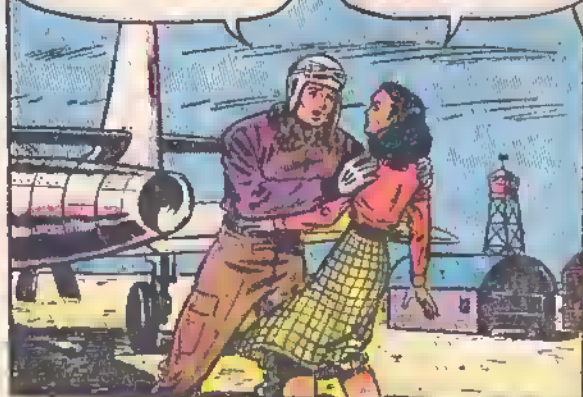


RUNNING OUT OF AMMUNITION
AND ALL WE'VE DONE IS
MAKE HIM Madder!

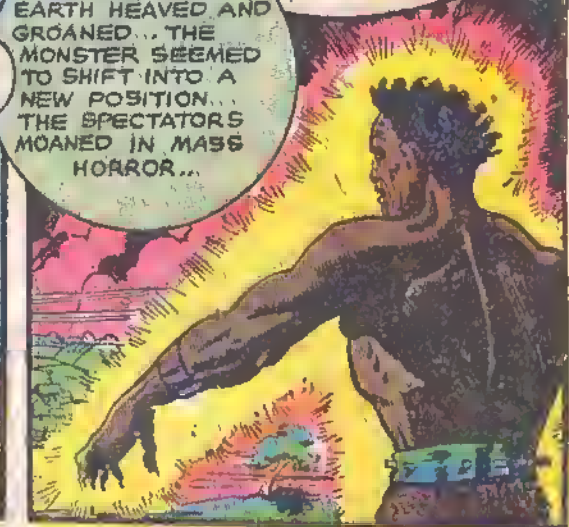


LINDA, I LOVE YOU! YOU'VE
GOT TO GET AWAY FROM
HERE WHILE THERE'S
STILL A CHANCE TO
REMAIN ALIVE!

Y-YOU LOVE
ME? WE'RE
ABOUT TO DIE,
AND YOU FINALLY
DISCOVER THAT!



AGAIN THE
EARTH HEAVED AND
GROANED... THE
MONSTER SEEMED
TO SHIFT INTO A
NEW POSITION...
THE SPECTATORS
MOANED IN MASS
HORROR...



H-HE'S
FREED
ONE LEG!

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF
MINUTES NOW AND HE'LL
BE COMPLETELY
FREE!

THE PLANES
AND GUNS
ARE USE-
LESS
NOW!



IT WAS USELESS TO FLEE NOW. THE PEOPLE WATCHED AS ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH LOOMED ABOVE THEM...



HE'S FREE! HE'S FREED HIS OTHER LEG!

WE'RE DOOMED! HE'LL TRAMPLE US TO DEATH!

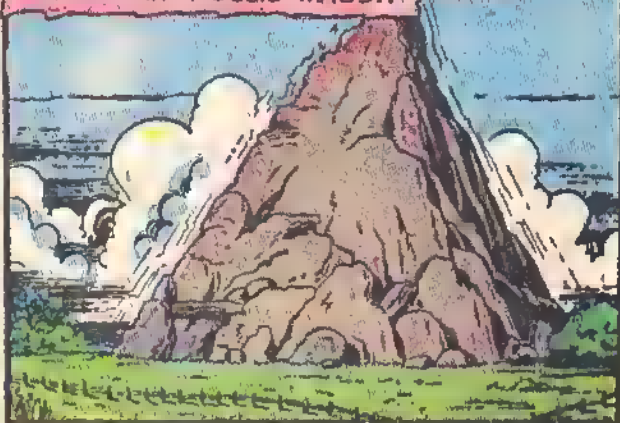
EVEN THE NEARNESS OF HIM WOULD ELECTROCUTE AN ARMY!



WAIT! LOOK! WHAT'S HAPPENING? H-HE'S DISINTEGRATING!



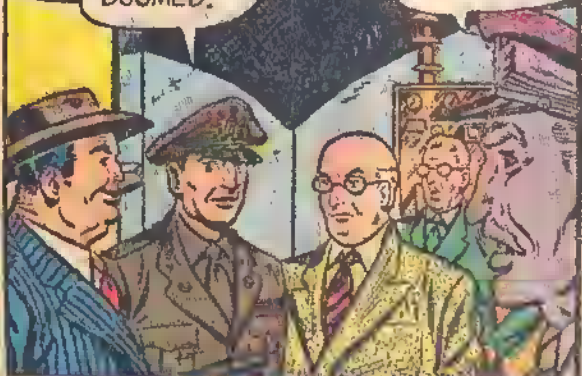
BEFORE A THOUSAND FEAR-CRAZED EYES COULD COMPREHEND WHAT THEY WERE BEHOLDING, THE CREATURE CHANGED FORM... HE LOST SHAPE, AND WITHOUT SOUND, SETTLED IN A SOLID MASS...



APPARENTLY ONCE HE FREED HIMSELF AND BROKE RADIO-CONTACT WITH LIFE GIVING PROPERTIES IN THAT ATOMIC PROVING GROUND, HE WAS DOOMED!

BUT THAT COULD MEAN A POSSIBILITY OF RECURRENCE...

WHO KNOWS, GENTLEMEN... WHO KNOWS!



A MONSTER CREATED BY RADIO-ACTIVITY TOUCHED OFF BY LIGHTNING! WE'VE SEEN EVERYTHING NOW, LINDA!

...AT LEAST IT MADE YOU SEE ME!



Haunt from the Sea

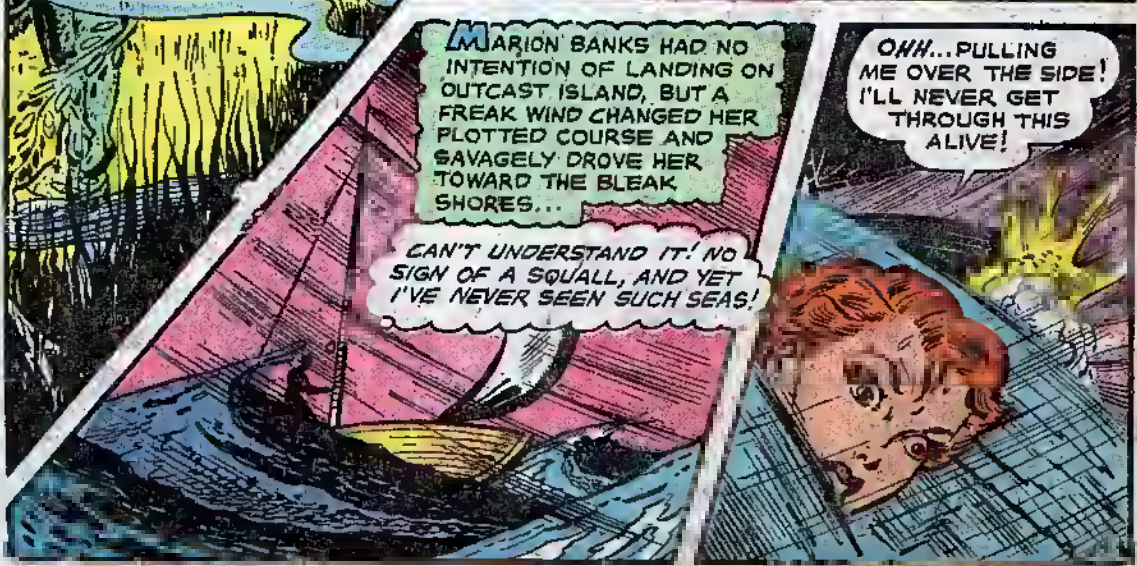
IT ROSE FROM THE DEPTHS SEEKING COMPANIONSHIP AND IN EXCHANGE IT OFFERED **DEATH!**

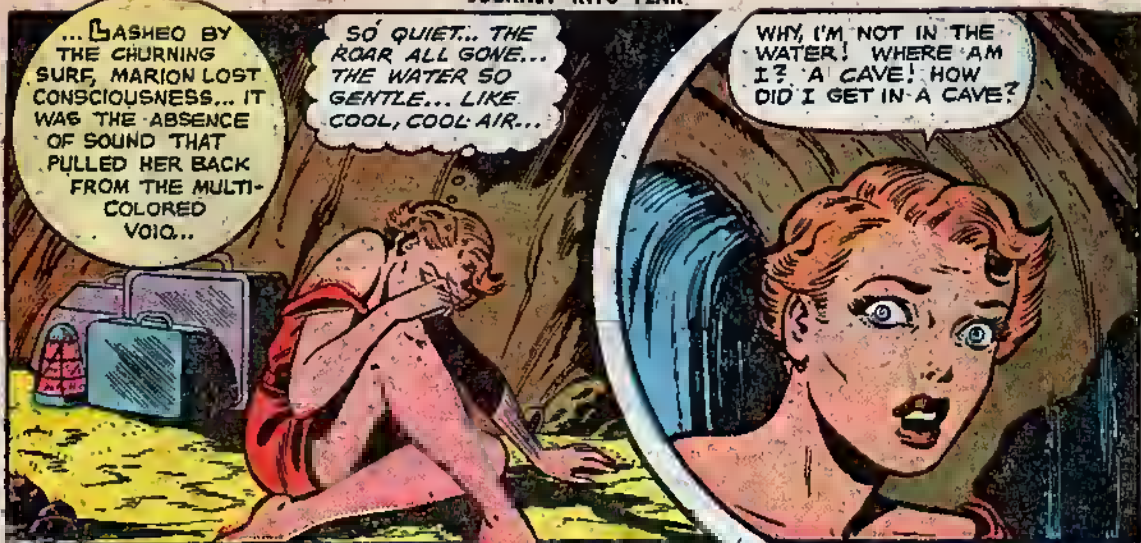


MARION BANKS HAD NO INTENTION OF LANDING ON OUTCAST ISLAND, BUT A FREAK WIND CHANGED HER PLOTTED COURSE AND SAVAGELY DROVE HER TOWARD THE BLEAK SHORES...

CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! NO SIGN OF A SQUALL, AND YET I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH SEAS!

OH...PULLING ME OVER THE SIDE! I'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THIS ALIVE!

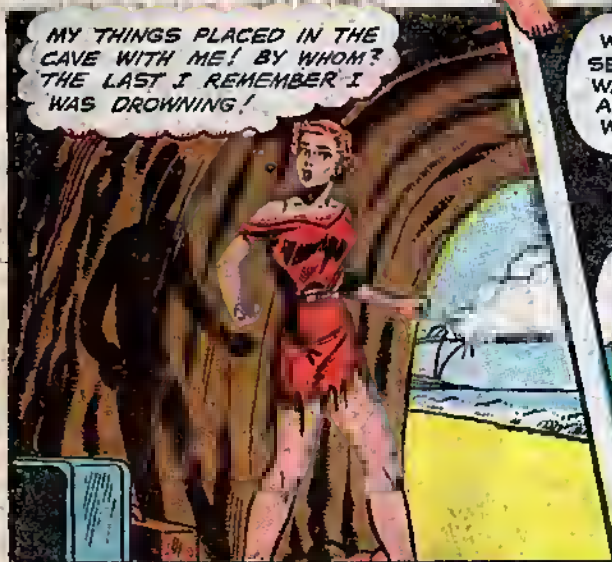




...WASHER BY THE CHURNING SURE, MARION LOST CONSCIOUSNESS... IT WAS THE ABSENCE OF SOUND THAT PULLED HER BACK FROM THE MULTI-COLORED VOIO...

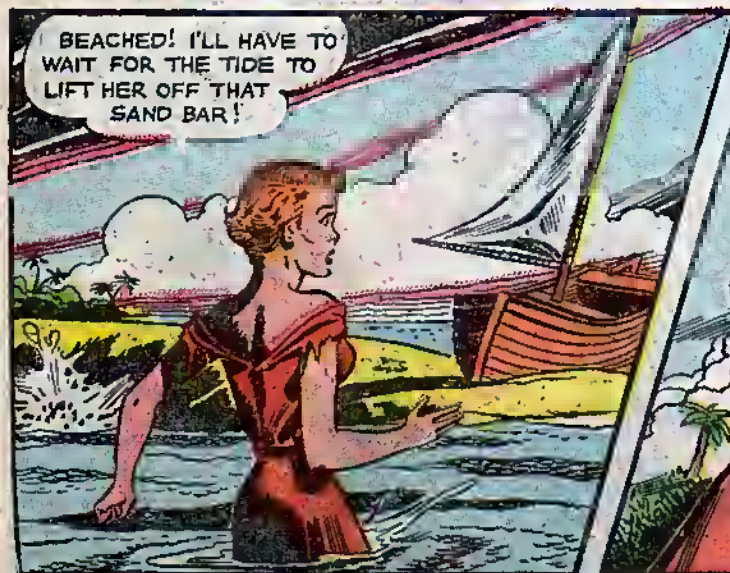
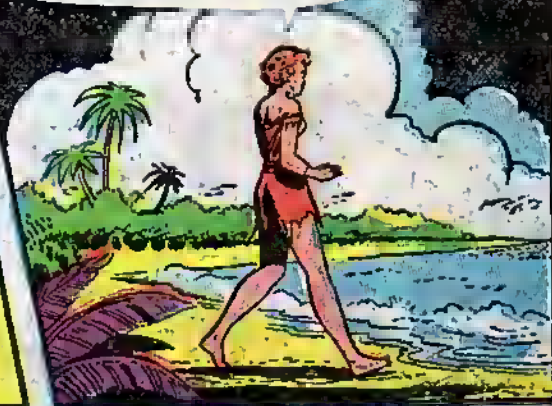
SO QUIET... THE ROAR ALL GONE... THE WATER SO GENTLE... LIKE COOL, COOL AIR...

WHY, I'M NOT IN THE WATER! WHERE AM I? A CAVE! HOW DID I GET IN A CAVE?



MY THINGS PLACED IN THE CAVE WITH ME! BY WHOM? THE LAST I REMEMBER I WAS DROWNING!

WHO PULLED ME FROM THE SEA? AND THEN FOUGHT THE WAVES TO GET MY LUGGAGE? AM I DREAMING THIS? THE WATER IS SO CALM NOW!



BEACHED! I'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE TIDE TO LIFT HER OFF THAT SAND BAR!

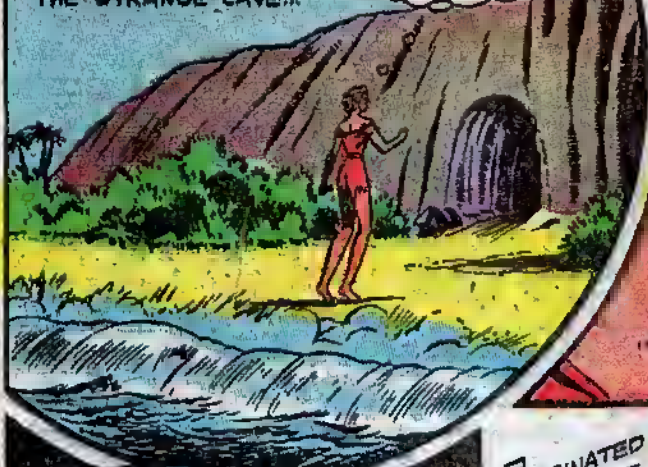


...AND UNTIL THEN I'M A PRISONER ON THIS...THIS PLACE... AND I'M NOT ALONE, EITHER!

CHILLED FROM THE SEA-SWEPT WINDS, MARION WAS OBLIGED TO SEEK SHELTER IN THE STRANGE CAVE...

NOT A SOUND BUT THE SEA! NO WONDER THEY CALL THIS OUTCAST ISLAND!

EEE! THOSE TRACKS! STILL WET... T- THEY'RE NOT HUMAN! IF ONLY I HAD A GUN OR SOMETHING...



THANK GOODNESS FOR MY LANTERN... WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT GLOWING THERE? WHY, IT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT PEARL!

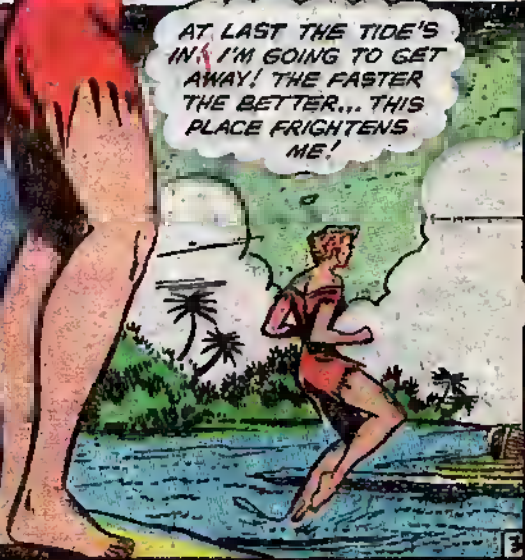
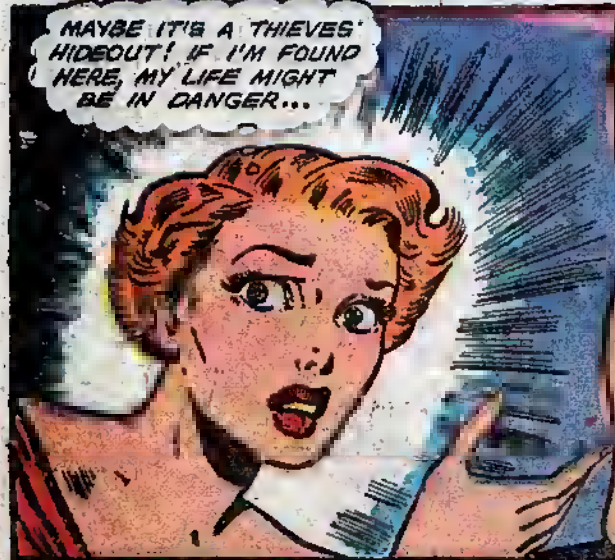
FASCINATED BY THE SIZE OF THE PRECIOUS GEM, MARION REACHED HESITATINGLY FOR IT, AND HOLDING IT TOWARD THE FLICKERING LIGHT, ADMIRING ITS SUBTLE LUSTER...

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL! BUT HOW WOULD A PEARL GET IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?



MAYBE IT'S A THIEVES' HIDEOUT! IF I'M FOUND HERE, MY LIFE MIGHT BE IN DANGER...

AT LAST THE TIDE'S IN! I'M GOING TO GET AWAY! THE FASTER THE BETTER... THIS PLACE FRIGHTENS ME!

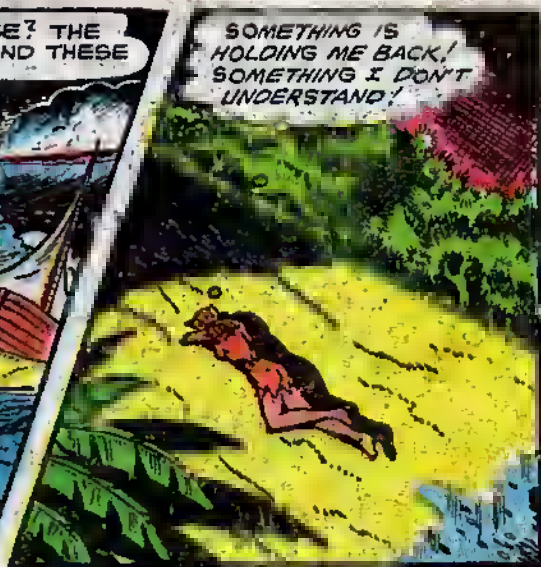
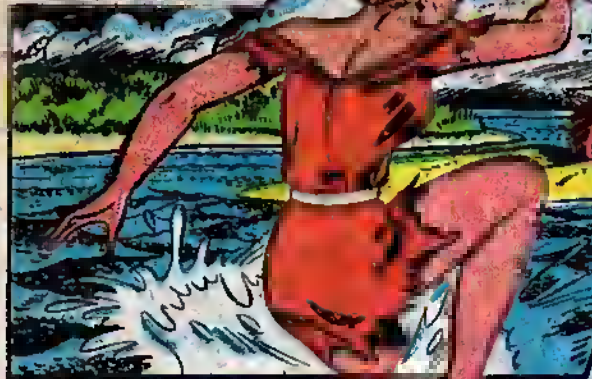


JOURNEY INTO FEAR

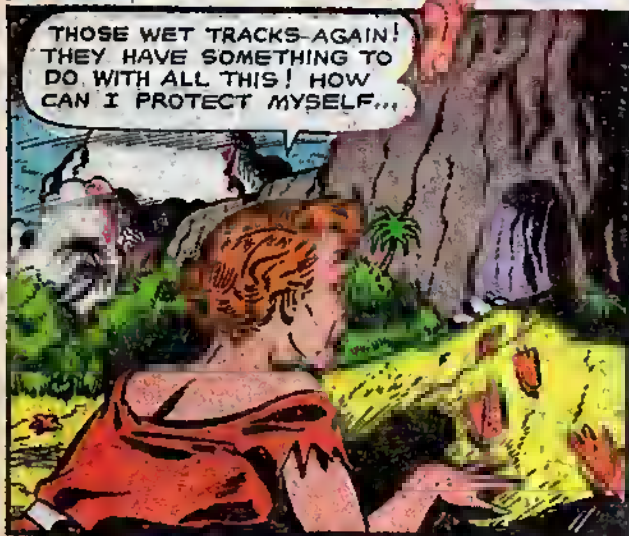
BUT AGAIN THE SURF ROSE IN FOAMING MADNESS AND PUSHED WITH ITS MIGHTY POWER, PREVENTING THE GIRL'S ESCAPE...

HOW COULD THIS BE? THE SEA IS CALM BEYOND THESE BREAKERS!

SOMETHING IS HOLDING ME BACK! SOMETHING I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

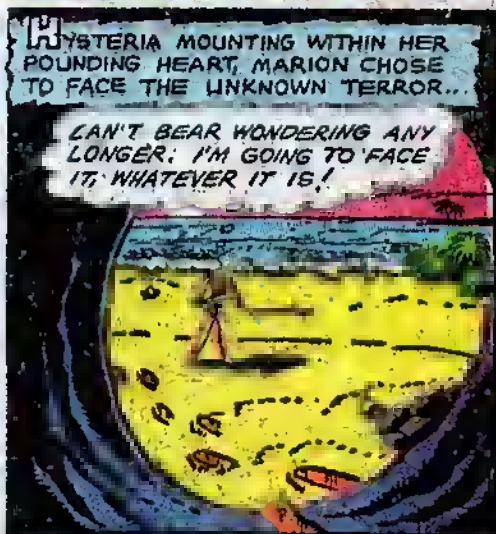


THOSE WET TRACKS AGAIN! THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH ALL THIS! HOW CAN I PROTECT MYSELF...



MYSTERY MOUNTING WITHIN HER POUNDING HEART, MARION CHOSE TO FACE THE UNKNOWN TERROR...

CAN'T BEAR WONDERING ANY LONGER: I'M GOING TO FACE IT, WHATEVER IT IS!



I'M COMING, WHOEVER YOU ARE! I'LL FIND YOU... I'LL KILL YOU!



OH, NO! NO...



MARION BEHELD A SIGHT SO INCREDIBLE, SHE DISBELIEVED HER OWN EYES, BUT THE CREATURE WAS MOVING SLUGGISHLY ACROSS THE CAVE TOWARD HER...

NO... I'M DREAMING... IT ISN'T TRUE... **KEEP AWAY!** DON'T TOUCH ME!

HELP... PLEASE—
SOMEONE H—HELP ME... **OHHHH...**

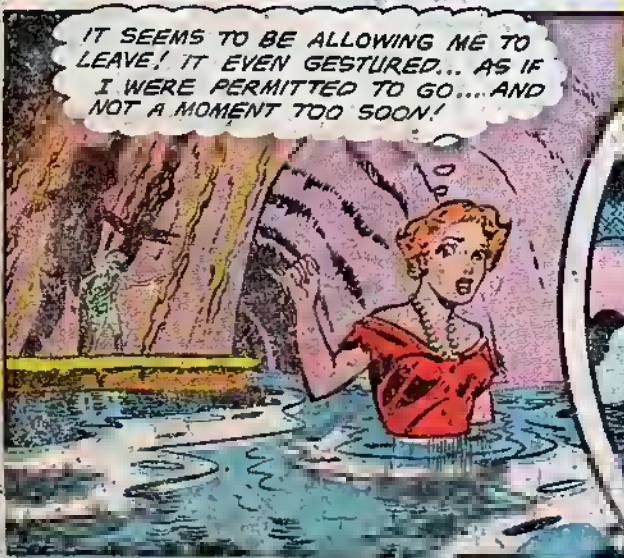
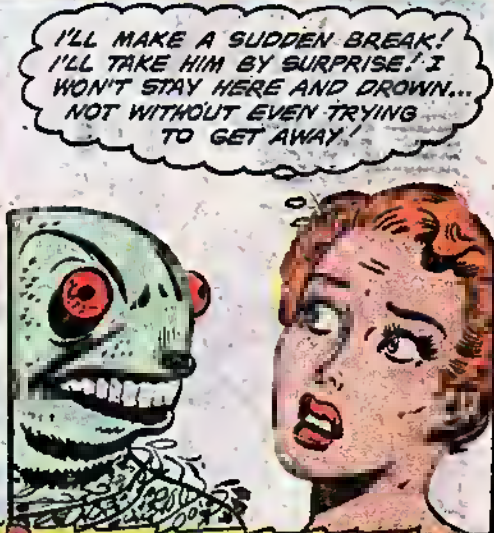
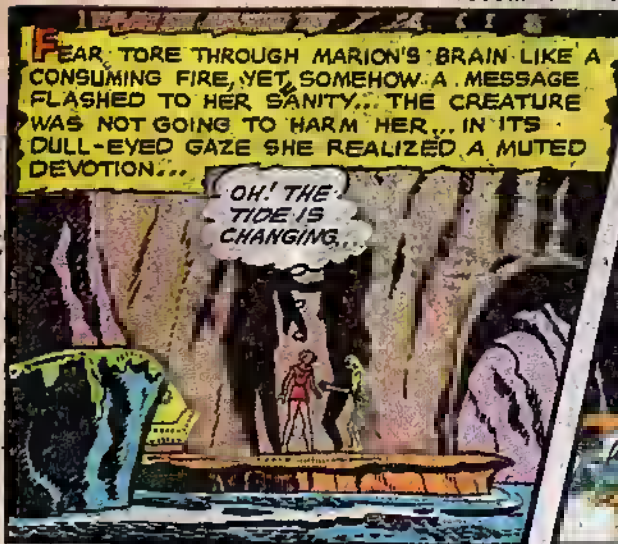
ALMOST GENTLY THE TREMENDOUS CLAWS HELD MARION'S LIMP FORM AND ONCE AGAIN WET TRACKS TRACED A PATH ACROSS THE BEACH...

DON'T LET IT BE TRUE... WHERE AM I? GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS FIENDISH PLACE...

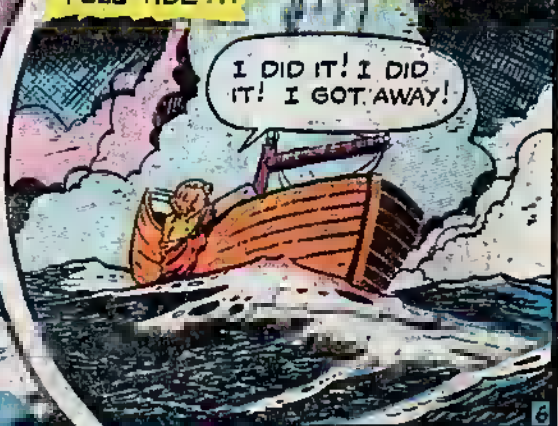
LET ME GO! P—PLEASE LET ME GO!

BUT HE WON'T... I KNOW HE WON'T!

ARE YOU G—GOING TO KILL ME? WHAT DO YOU WANT? I BEG YOU TO LET ME GO...

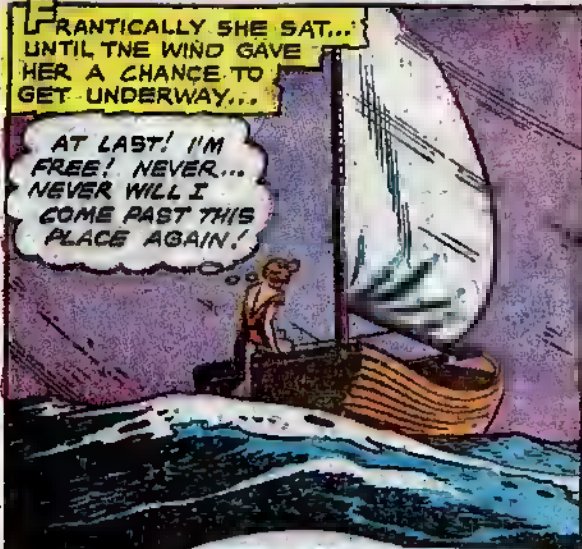


B Lindly, Marion staggered through the water, stumbling, wading, swimming and straining to escape... almost without realizing it, she reached her craft which bobbed freely in the deep waters of the full tide...

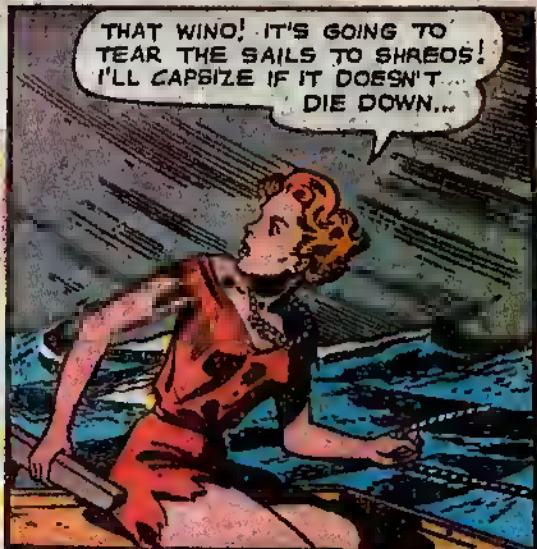


FRANTICALLY SHE SAT...
UNTIL THE WIND GAVE
HER A CHANCE TO
GET UNDERWAY...

AT LAST! I'M
FREE! NEVER...
NEVER WILL I
COME PAST THIS
PLACE AGAIN!



THAT WIND! IT'S GOING TO
TEAR THE SAILS TO SHREDS!
I'LL CAPSIZE IF IT DOESN'T...
DIE DOWN...



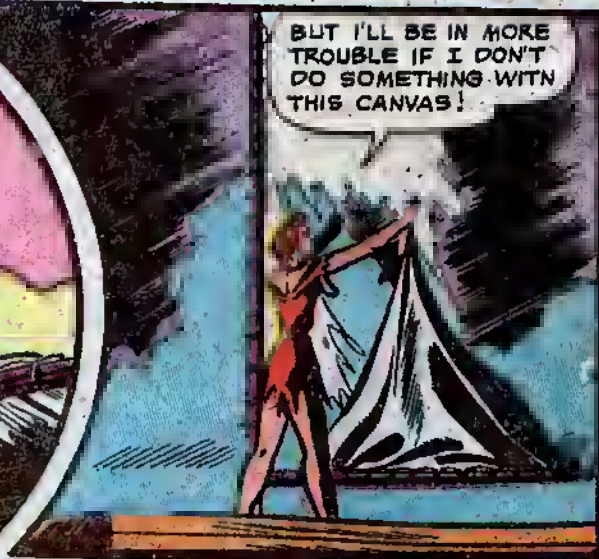
AT LEAST I'M FAR
ENOUGH AWAY FROM
SHORE THAT I DON'T
HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT
DRIFTING BACK...



THERE... THAT'S
THE BEST I CAN
DO... BUT WHAT
GOOD WILL IT DO
ME WITH THOSE
FREAK WINDS...



BUT I'LL BE IN MORE
TROUBLE IF I DON'T
DO SOMETHING WITH
THIS CANVAS!



... IF IT WOULD ONLY RAIN,
I COULD CATCH SOME WATER...
IT'S ALMOST ALL GONE...



THE CALM PERSISTED... TWO NIGHTS AND TWO DAWNS MARION KNEW ONLY THE HEAVY SWAY OF THE SEA WHOSE MOVEMENT TRAVELLED IN NO DIRECTION...

PERHAPS TODAY... I'VE GOT TO MOVE TODAY... I'LL GET READY...

EMPTY! NO SUPPLIES LEFT... AND STILL NO WIND...

IF ONLY A CRAFT WOULD COME PAST... BUT ONLY A FOOL LIKE ME WOULD CHANCE THESE WATERS...

WHAT SHALL I DO? HOW LONG MUST I WAIT?

WHAT EVIL IS HAUNTING ME? WHY CAN'T I GET AWAY FROM THAT AWFUL ISLAND?

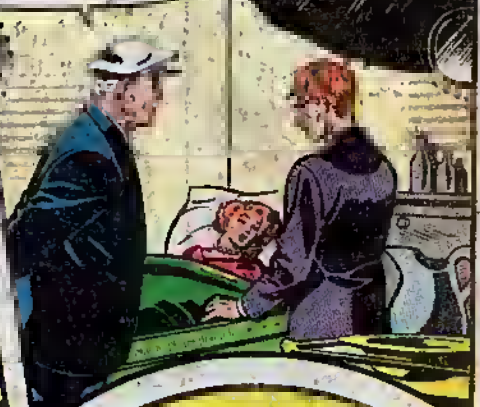
CAN'T STAND THE SUN ANY LONGER... TOO MUCH...

DAY... PERHAPS A WEEK PASSED, BUT FINALLY MARION WAS SIGHTED, AND AID WAS AT HAND...

LOOKS LIKE A DRIFTER, SIR...

HOW IS SHE, DOCTOR? SHE WAS JUST ABOUT GONE WHEN WE GOT TO HER...

YOU WERE TOO LATE, CAPTAIN... SHE'S DEAD...



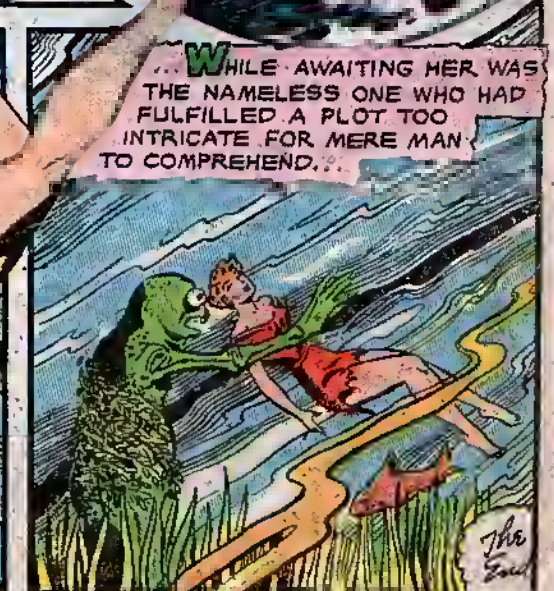
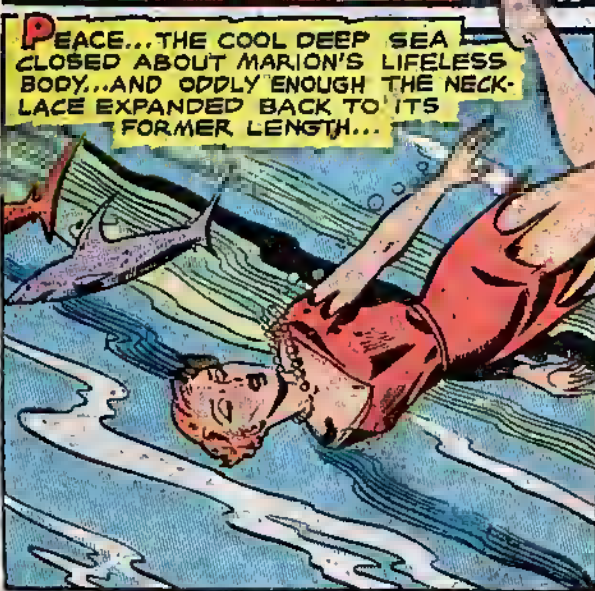
...AND NOT FROM EXPOSURE! AN ODD THING... SHE STRANGLER! THOSE PEARLS... THEY'RE STRUNG ON SORT OF A SEAWEED... THE SUN DRIED AND SHRUNK IT!

... MAY SHE REST IN PEACE. AMEN.



PEACE...THE COOL DEEP SEA CLOSED ABOUT MARION'S LIFELESS BODY...AND ODDLY ENOUGH THE NECKLACE EXPANDED BACK TO ITS FORMER LENGTH...

WHILE AWAITING HER WAS THE NAMELESS ONE WHO HAD FULFILLED A PLOT TOO INTRICATE FOR MERE MAN TO COMPREHEND...



Your Candid Camera is here!

CHECK THESE FEATURES

1. Pocket size — only 2 x 3 inches.
2. Durable Plastic Case.
3. Beautiful streamlined design.
4. Simulated black leatherette finish.
5. Ivory plastic winding knob.
6. Ground and polished high quality lens.
7. Fixed focus, easy to operate.
8. Eye-level view finder.
9. Easy daylight loading.
10. Uses standard 828 Kodak film.
11. Simplified shutter — just aim and click!
12. Takes 8 pictures size $1\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

ONLY \$1.29 SEND NO MONEY

Enlargements

Beautiful clear enlargements can be made from pictures taken with the SCENEX Candid Camera.



ACTUAL SIZE

SCENEX

**A REAL CAMERA USING
STANDARD 828 FILM**

JOLOLA SALES, Box 496, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send No Money

JOLOLA SALES,
Box 496, Buffalo, N. Y.

☐ O.K. Send me The Candid Camera,
I will pay postman \$1.29 plus
postage on delivery.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY State

☐ If you enclose \$1.30 with this coupon
we prepay all delivery charges.



NOW! heavier, stronger, better!

The Most Amazing TOOL SET EVER OFFERED! Six Handy Tools in 1 Compact Unit



ACTUAL
SIZE 8"

- 1—Strong claw hammer with sure grip knurled handle.
- 2—Nickel-plated pounding head securely locked into shaft.
- 3—5" screwdriver for husky duty on gas range, lawnmower, cars.
- 4—3" screwdriver for electrical, lock repair.
- 5—2" screwdriver for sewing machine, toaster, appliances.
- 6—1" screwdriver for eye-glasses, watch, radio.

Not a Toy...

**A SET OF SIX FINE
PRECISION TOOLS!**

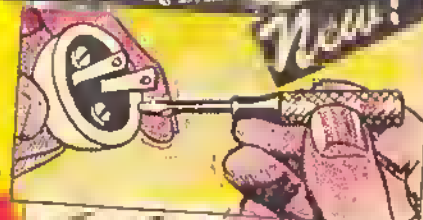
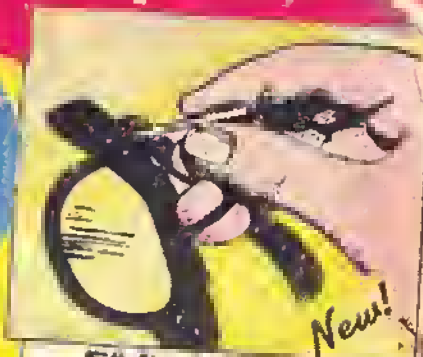
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